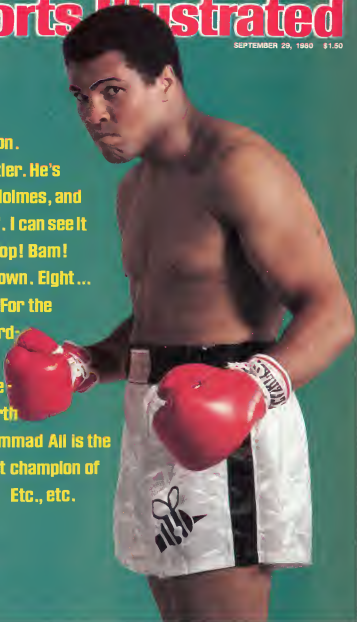


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 29, 1980 \$1.50

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time, Muhammad Ali is the
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the world!' Etc., etc.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



IT'S KENNEDY'S AD, AS USUAL—THIS TIME WITH A PRINCE

Senior Writer Ray Kennedy being one of the most compulsively competitive men on the planet, it was fitting that he was assigned to write this week's story on Howard Head, inventor of the compulsively competitive tennis player's latest edge—the large-faced Prince racket. As Kennedy says, "The Prince is the technological epitome of an advantage, particularly for people who have slowed down a few steps or are a few pounds overweight." (These are purely arbitrary and hypothetical examples that have nothing to do with the 5' 10", 185-pound Kennedy's personal reasons for employing a Prince.)

"A lot of the edge with a Prince is psychological, to be sure," Kennedy adds. "That wider surface makes you less tentative and seems to give you a half-a-court wider command. Whether this is actually true doesn't matter. If you believe something helps your game, then it helps your game. If I believed purple socks would do my game any good, I'd wear purple socks."

Purple socks may be about the only thing Kennedy hasn't tried to give himself an advantage in his myriad competitive endeavors. In the mid-'60s he was so into an omelet phase that he bought 26 different kinds of pan before finally finding, in a remote village in Brittany, the one that gave him the greatest edge over the eggs. For an advantage in doing crossword puzzles, he keeps his own list of arcane definitions on the wall of his office and spends an hour or two periodically reviewing them.

Kennedy is also a tough and imaginative chess player. "When I first started playing," he says, "I used very small pieces on a very large board, and I would always choose black. Then I would make certain that we played in a dimly lighted place. You'd be surprised how often an opponent would not see my black bishop lurking in the shadows."

As a young man Kennedy hitchhiked some 20,000 miles in the U.S., Canada and Mexico and became so good at it that, as an undergraduate at Notre Dame, he charged \$1 per head for a lecture on his methods. One rule: "Wear a big rubber clown's thumb. This will make it clear that you have a sense of humor and are fun to ride with."

And during his Ping-Pong period, when he played on a *TIME* magazine team that won the New York City 'B' division championship three years running, Kennedy & Co. would arrive at a match with bare paddles and carefully cut sponge rubber faces from large sheets and glue them to the paddles. Opponents watched in awe, and presumably panic, as "we talked in very technical terms, as if we had some magical technological formula that no one else could understand."

But Kennedy is also a fan of something he calls reverse technology. "Not everything's best just because it's newest," he says. "To prove my point, I hereby challenge any reader of *SI* to a game of basketball '21,' and I'll win because I'll use the deadly accurate old-fashioned two-hand set shot that disappeared from the game 25 years ago. No one-hand jump-shot artist will come close to me. I have never been beaten." He pauses and then adds, "Of course, I'll be wearing purple socks."

Philip D. Harder

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LEGITIMATE INTEREST

Last week a conflict between individual rights and efforts by sports administrators to police their athletes again attracted national attention. But the latest case bears scant resemblance to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's suspension of Ferguson Jenkins, the Texas Ranger pitcher who was arrested in Toronto on drug charges and then refused to answer questions about the incident posed by members of the commissioner's staff (SCORECARD, Sept. 22). The Jenkins case involved a matter that didn't directly affect baseball—and this week baseball arbitrator Raymond Goetz overruled Kuhn and ordered Jenkins reinstated. By contrast, the case of University of Illinois Quarterback David Wilson revolves around academic eligibility, an issue at the very heart of intercollegiate sport.

Wilson was recruited out of Fullerton (Calif.) Junior College by Mike White, the new coach at long-downtrodden Illinois, who described Wilson as "the one player who could turn our program around fast." But the Big Ten's faculty representatives, who oversee the conference, ruled that Wilson had just one season of eligibility remaining and that he would have to sit out 1980 because he wasn't making satisfactory progress toward a degree. Wilson was aggrieved. He knew White was grooming another junior-college hotshot to take over as Illinois' quarterback in 1981. Also, in declaring Wilson ineligible for this season, the faculty representatives had overruled their own eligibility committee—without affording Wilson a hearing.

Claiming that the Big Ten's action jeopardized his hopes for a pro football career, Wilson earlier this month won a court injunction allowing him to play this season, a decision that pleased Illinois boosters even though their school's athletic association and athletic director were defendants in the case. It also delighted Wilson's lawyer, Robert Auler, who said of Big Ten officials, "Who the hell are they to be a Super God over the

University of Illinois?" Last week, the injunction was briefly lifted, but a three-member appellate-court panel voted 2-1 to reimpose it, holding that Wilson's suit raised "many and serious issues of constitutional dimensions." The ruling was greeted by cheers from the Illinois fans who filled the courtroom.

The constitutional issues the judges referred to aren't to be taken lightly. The overlords of college sport could no doubt make a greater effort to protect the rights of the athletes they're policing. Wilson could certainly have been afforded a hearing by the Big Ten faculty representatives; after all, it was his fate they were determining. But it remains the duty of those same officials to vigilantly maintain academic standards, which of late have all too often been undermined in the scramble to keep athletes eligible. As Jack Wentworth, Indiana University's faculty representative, noted, a coach's desire to turn a football program around or a player's NFL aspirations mustn't be allowed to take precedence over the educational system's primary responsibility to "look at what is best for the young man from the academic point of view."

Fairly or not, some Big Ten officials are known to be concerned about White's arrival in the conference. At California, where he coached for six seasons, White's teams were frequently accused by rivals of dirty play. At Illinois he has hired four staff members who had recently worked at scandal-torn Arizona State and Oregon, including the academic counselor who steered Arizona State players into now-notorious extension courses at Rocky Mountain College. Under the circumstances, it was easy to jump to conclusions when it was learned last week that a high school transcript that Illinois had represented to the Big Ten as being for its 21-year-old quarterback, whose full name is David Carlton Wilson, wasn't his at all. It was the transcript of another alumnus of Kattella High in Anaheim, Calif., 19-year-old David B. Wilson. It included cred-

its for high school courses taken after David C. Wilson had enrolled at Fullerton, yet nobody at Illinois caught the discrepancy. As it turned out, the mix-up was apparently an honest one, but it pointed up the opportunities for transcript abuses by schools eager to keep talented athletes eligible. That, in turn, further underscored the Big Ten's legitimate interest in overseeing the eligibility practices of its member schools.

O.K., MOM?

Texas A&M Tackle Zach Guthrie, a senior, is wearing No. 74 this season as he has throughout his college career. His brother Keith, a freshman and also a tackle, is wearing the same number. The duplication occurred after Dollie Guthrie,



the boys' mother, requested that Keith be assigned No. 74 along with Zach because Keith had worn that number last year in high school in Tyler, Texas. "A friend told me it's bad luck to change numbers from high school to college," she explains, adding that she attends A&M games not because she particularly enjoys football but "to see that the boys don't get hurt." Anxious to accommodate Mrs. Guthrie, A&M checked with the Southwest Conference, which approved the duplication. The reasoning: because Zach plays offense and Keith defense, the brothers won't be on the field at the same time.

MUSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE

Although he disavows the whole thing, perhaps wisely, there's a new expression being bandied about in the NBA that supposedly originated with Los Angeles Laker General Manager Bill Sharman. As the story goes, an NBA rival was inter-

continued

ested in dealing for a Laker star for whom Sharman demanded high draft choices in return. "I want a Lawrence Welk for him" is how Sharman put it. A Lawrence Welk? "Yeah," said Sharman, tapping his foot in the manner of the bandleader. "A one and a two and a three. . ."

AN OVERSIGHT

The news out of Kansas City last week that former Chief Tackle Jim Tyrer had shot to death his wife Martha and himself was inevitably one-sided. Press accounts of the tragedy dealt with how Tyrer, 41, had logged 14 NFL seasons, how he had been an All-Pro selection and how he had suffered financial setbacks since his retirement from football in 1975. But little attention was paid Martha Tyrer, 40. This was an oversight that Pat Livingston, the wife of Quarterback Mike Livingston, who was traded from the Chiefs to Minnesota last spring, sought to correct in an unsolicited article she submitted to SI. She wrote:

"A friend died yesterday. Her name was Martha Tyrer. Some people called her Marty. She was a private person, controlled, conservative. She liked to read and take walks. But she'd surprise you with her exuberance about playing bridge, or eating sweets or crab Rangoon. Her husband shot her. I don't know why. Everyone's guessing. He was depressed about business. He must have broken down. Still, those were no reasons to shoot my friend Martha. All I read is what a good guy Jim Tyrer was. I read barely a mention of Martha, mother of four. I read nothing about how well she raised her kids, or how much fun she could be at McDonald's, sneaking another order of french fries, or how kind she was to 'new' football wives, how courteous, how welcoming, how stable. Last week Jim Tyrer visited George Daney, a former Chief player Jim broke down, saying he didn't know how much longer he and Martha could go on. He'd gotten himself into a financial bind he couldn't see a way out of. Martha came by my house [in Kansas City, where the Livingstons continue to live] about the same time. She wanted to get together and said, 'Let's set a date.' We agreed that she'd come to lunch on Tuesday. Why was she so determined to see me? We'd seen each other less often in the past few years. Then I found out Martha and Jim were selling home products. So that was what

she wanted from me. That wasn't like Martha. At least she could have told me. I was angry. But now I see that Jim and Martha were desperate. She was going to do something about it. Private, controlled, conservative Martha was coming to knock on my door, pitch an old friend, make a sale. Martha was due at my house at noon today. She didn't make it. I hear from friends who were in the house after the deaths that a new dress hung ready for Martha to wear to a job interview. In addition to selling home products, Martha was seeking regular work. My loss is not as great as that of Sharon Arbanas or Fay Burford, with whom Martha was closer; they lost a comrade, a bridge buddy, a best friend. My loss is not as great as her children's. They have no mother to hug this morning. My loss is not even as great as the public's. It never heard about Martha."

SLOW DOWN, CURVEBALL AHEAD

San Francisco Giant Pitcher Allen Ripley's repertoire includes what he calls an "ecological fastball." That, explains Ripley, is because it seldom exceeds 55 mph.

PREREQUISITE PERQUISITES

When a college football coach is fired, he normally continues to receive any salary he has coming under the unfulfilled portion of his contract. For the school, that's often considered a small price to pay. But now Georgia Tech's former coach, Pepper Rodgers, is trying to raise the stakes. Rodgers was sacked last December after a losing season, and while he's being paid roughly \$40,000 in salary for each of the two years left on his contract, he claims in a suit filed in Fulton County State Court that his firing cost him perks worth considerably more than his salary. To buttress his case against the Georgia Tech Athletic Association, Rodgers cites figures providing a rare insight into the lavish financial benefits that major college football coaches have come to expect from their jobs. According to Rodgers, his perks for coaching Georgia Tech in 1979 were:

TV show	\$34,677
Radio show	5,000
Salary for administrative assistant	21,000
Salary for secretary	12,500
Home mortgage allowance	9,187
Tickets, private stadium booths	7,660

On-campus football camp	7,500
Membership and entertainment, Capital City Club	7,050
Cherokee Town Club	4,654
East Lake Country Club	970
Gifts from alumni	5,335
Use of Cadillac	5,000
Coca-Cola promotions	4,809
Speaking appearances	4,700
Training-table meals	3,250
Expenses for meetings	2,100
Life-insurance premiums	1,815
Gas and oil	1,800
General expense money	1,200
Car-insurance premium	1,166
Health club membership	880
Tennis club membership	667
Hawks, Braves, Flames tickets	620
Falcons, four season tickets	600
Tech season football tickets	560
Tech season basketball tickets	336
Tech football away tickets	160
Holiday Inn lodgings	400
Pocket money road games	375
Parking	38
Tech baseball admission	15
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Rodgers says his perks for 1980 and 1981 would have totaled \$306,000. But since nearly two-thirds of this would have been nontaxable, his actual loss, he figures, was \$497,000. If Rodgers wins his suit, the association will be obliged to compensate him for some or all of that amount, a precedent that may make other schools think twice about firing coaches, even the losingest of them, if there's still time to run on their contracts.

THEY SAID IT

- Tom Lasorda, Dodger manager, signing an autograph for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar: "It's not worth much today, and in five years it'll be worth even less."
- Tom Hermolen, former Boston Celtic star, explaining why he turned down a college football scholarship: "If I was going to get beat up, I wanted it to be indoors where it was warm."
- Jeff Lump, Virginia basketball player, after 7' 4" teammate Ralph Sampson dropped a throw that allowed the winning run to score in a campus softball game: "Ralph probably feels about 6' 9" right now."
- Dan Quisenberry, Kansas City Royal reliever, on what happens when his sinker isn't working: "The batter still hits a grounder. But in this case the first bounce is 360 feet away."

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THE JOINT WAS JUMPING

The Cosmos soared in Washington's steamy Soccer Bowl as Fort Lauderdale fell, 3-0 **by CLIVE GAMMON**

When the first goal—the one that mattered—was scored after 48 cruel, sweltering minutes of 1980's Soccer Bowl, it came from the left foot of the Cosmos' Julio Cesar Romero, but it was Giorgio Chinaglia who made it possible. Giorgio escaped from the Strikers' Ken Fogarty for once so that Defender Arsene Auguste, coming across to help out, had no choice but to sweep Chinaglia's legs from under him. What else can you do when the league's premier scorer is unguarded a foot outside the penalty box?

Vladislav Bogicevic tapped the resulting free kick to Chinaglia, who slammed it against a wall of Striker defenders. The rocket shot rebounded back to Little Cesar, who hit it home 1-0. "It was the first goal that mattered," Chinaglia said later, and he was entirely right. It was the breaking of the dam.

Until then, at RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C. on Sunday, it seemed as if the real winner would be the wicked heat. At the half it had hit 99° and the relative humidity was a sweltering 75%. Only the NASL and, presumably, mad dogs, would think of playing soccer in this kind of noon-day sun. Even in Brazil they switch to night games when the thermometer goes crazy. Which, possibly, is why Francisco Marinho, Fort Lauderdale's often magical, always temperamental Brazilian midfielder, elected to stay *continued*

The ref signals "goal" as Romero (?) results after putting in the game's first score. Wim Rijsebergen (center) and Franz Beckenbauer celebrate

out of the game rather than, as he said, sit it out on the subs' bench. And why another non-starter, though not by his own choice, was the Cosmos' redoubtable Carlos Alberto, also of Brazil.

No one, though, had expected the Strikers to hold out against the Cosmos until 2:55 had gone by in the second half. The playoffs had been a piece of cake—a doddle, as soccer players call an easy game—for the Cosmos. Except for one hiccup, when they lost a home game to Dallas and had to win a 30-minute mini-game to clinch the series, the Cosmos had enjoyed a royal progress to Soccer Bowl, King Giorgio and his 16 playoff goals leading the parade.

In contrast, the Strikers had made their way to the final with all the precision, style and speed of the town hoover foot-ing it home through a snowstorm. Three times in the playoff rounds they had won tough road games, three times they had lost the return match at their own Lockhart Stadium. They scrambled by California on the 11th goal of a tie-breaking shootout and needed minigames to beat Edmonton and then San Diego.

Right through the regular season, in fact, the Strikers, who once had the most stable image in the league, with reputedly the happiest, most loyal fans, seemed on the verge of disintegrating. At least twice Fort Lauderdale's new coach, Cor van der Hart, needed police protection to get out of Lockhart unscathed, while the general manager, former hockey player Bob Lemieux, happily referred to the whole equipage as the Gas House Gang.

Van der Hart, 53, a blond, heavily built Dutchman who wears his reputation as a disciplinarian with pride, had replaced the easygoing Ron Newman in the off-season. Some of the fans' favorites, notably David Irving and Eduardo Bonvallet, were early victims of the Dutchman's ax-swinging program. And soon former World Cup stars like Teofilo Cubillas of Peru and Gerd Mueller of West Germany started studying the job market of their own volition. Both may choose not to rejoin Fort Lauderdale next season.

Whatever his difficulties with players, van der Hart in one magic moment did make a linguistic innovation that might solve a problem that has haunted the NASL for years. It's the New York Cosmos, the league likes to insist. Just the Cosmos, say the Cosmos, who, after all, play in New Jersey. Van der Hart may

have fixed that for good. "When we play in New Jersey..." he said, referring to the second of two meetings between the teams in the regular season.

Indeed, in spite of their woes, the Strikers had won their first regular-season game with the Cosmos handily, 4-1, in Florida, though in New Jersey the Cosmos had come back with a 2-0 victory. All that, however, was before Chinaglia had come into quite extraordinary form.

Last week, in practice at RFK, he belted the ball high into the stands, where normally it would have disappeared among the empty seats. No against heavy odds it hit a seat, bop, bounced forward, hit another seat, bop, and rebounded almost to Chinaglia's feet on the field. It couldn't happen again in 20 years. It did, though. Twice. Ahead of the game, it seemed he could do nothing wrong.

In the dugout, when asked somewhat naively if he were the world's greatest center forward, Chinaglia replied with a classic prop. A prop, in case you are unfamiliar with the term—as well you might be, because it was only recently coined by *The Times of London*—is

something you say, for politeness' sake, when you mean the opposite. As in "Let's have lunch real soon." Chinaglia's prop involved the Strikers' star "Gerd Mueller is also a great center forward," he said politely. Then he spoiled it by adding "of his time."

"At the moment," said Francois Van der Elst, whom the Cosmos acquired from the Belgian national team at mid-season, "Chinaglia is playing the best soccer of his life." And those who have watched him for years, in Wales, then in Italy, then in this country, can only agree. Chinaglia, at 33, is more driven than he ever has been. Last winter, for instance, mindful of criticism that he was a poor header of the ball, he spent many hours practicing that skill, one result of which was the glorious, flat-out diving header that gave him the sixth goal of the record seven he got in a playoff game against Tulsa.

For Fort Lauderdale, Chinaglia was clearly the main threat, though hard men like defenders Fogarty and Augustine were not about to faint at the sight of him. "He's 60% of their offense," said Fogarty, an English League veteran with a



mean mustache, "but when I heard of those seven goals in one game, I thought, he'd never do that against me. How would I go home and sleep? How would I pick up my paycheck?" Augustine, a six-year NASL veteran from Haiti, actually wanted Chinaglia. "I would love to mark him," he said. "If I am there, he gets maybe 10% of the ball he wants."

Also calculating percentages before Soccer Bowl began was the Strikers' captain, Ray Hudson, small, nippy, a fine attacking wing half. "The Cosmos are talent-laden, I know," he said. "But they are 40% better on AstroTurf than grass. Grass is the great leveler. Get them on grass and they start looking human."

The fact that RFK has a natural surface was, the Strikers hoped, at least one factor in their favor. "Thank God we're back on AstroTurf" was what a couple of Cosmos players had been heard to say after they had come home from Los Angeles in the National Conference finals.

And one of those, though he denied it steadfastly afterward, was Fullback Jeff Durgan, the league's Rookie of the Year and a U.S. native, the greater part of whose professional career has been spent on artificial surfaces.

AstroTurf, in fact, is beautifully suited to the Cosmos' speciality, the slow build-up from midfield ending in a fast thrust. AstroTurf plays truly, if boringly. The ball can't hit a divot and shoot off at an angle. Above all, it's dif-

continued

The first of two goals by Chinaglia (center) was a blast past Van Beveren that made it 2-0 and set Giorgio (9) and Roberto Cabanas to rejoicing.





So closely was Chonagba marked by Fogarty (7) that his first clear shot came at the 70th minute

difficult to tackle on it. "You can't go in hard," explained Terry Garbett, perhaps the best defensive midfielder who ever played for the Cosmos and now their assistant coach. "On grass you'll slide a couple of feet, but on AstroTurf you just stuck, so you delay and delay. It makes for

a slow game, which suits the Cosmos."

Still this was so much clutching at blades of grass by the Strikers. On any surface what Fort Lauderdale had to do was contain the Cosmos and then counterattack as successfully as it had done in its 2-0 defeat of San Diego the previous

week. An early goal, a quick, lucky one, could be the kind of poisoned apple that Holland received in the World Cup Final of 1974, when they went up 1-0 against West Germany within two minutes of the start, only to be outplayed the balance of the game and lose 2-1.

Maybe also, all the trials and traumas of the Strikers' 1980 season—culminating, somewhat amazingly, in their Soccer Bowl appearance—might stiffen them into doing just this, to take all the Cosmos could throw at them, then fight their way to glory in the last quarter.

If the pangs of the season weren't enough to psych the Strikers up for the game, maybe the small annoyances would be. Like being stuck, they claimed, in a hotel inferior to the one the league had put the Cosmos in. There were other things. "We arrive for our first practice," said Fort Lauderdale Assistant Trainer Eddie Rodgers indignantly, "and we find the Cosmos have taken over the Washington Diplomats' locker room, which is beautiful. Two whirlpools, all the equipment. We get the visitors' locker room. All it has are lockers." His voice rose a little. "I requested two 10-gallon coolers of orange Gatorade," he said tragically, "and what do I get? A couple of four-gallon tubs of lemon-and-lime." Nothing to start a war over but, it seemed at the time, a little something to fan the flames.

And that, as it turned out, would have been entirely redundant. A few more degrees of heat at game time and RFK Stadium might have ignited spontaneously.





Cosmos pressure: Cabanas heads the ball as DiBernardo (16) and Chinaglia await the rebound

And the spark, no doubt, would have come from the 5,000 or so New York, sorry, New Jersey fans who had traveled to Washington for the game and outnumbered the 45,000 other spectators who were inclined, clearly, to root for the Strikers.

As might have been guessed, Fort Lauderdale fielded its two hardest defenders, Fogarty and Augustine, and the battle plan was plain: Defend in depth from the mid-field and counterattack through Mueller and the tiny—*at 5'2"*—the smallest athlete in the major leagues in the U.S.—Jeff Cacciatore from Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. The Strikers would throw in occasional raids by Hudson and Cubillas.

Grimly, Fogarty took up his position alongside Chinaglia, and in the first half allowed him only two shots, one from a free kick that Fogarty had no control over. And for much of the first half Van der Elst, a skilled provider of high-quality feeds for Chinaglia, was blotted out by Augustine.

Play, though, was grindingly slow, with long periods at a near-walking pace. South American style. The temperature dictated that. But there were flashes of excellence, as when Mueller suddenly turned his back on Durgan, still a neophyte by Mueller standards, and slid a pass to Hudson, whose hard-driven shot was just over the bar. Occasionally the action came from individual duels, like

the one between Angelo DiBernardo and Cacciatore, which the latter, wriggling his legs like a water beetle, won more often than not.

For the Strikers, Mueller—who might more appropriately be called Der Barrel than Der Bomber these days—made chances, as did Romero for the Cosmos. But the buildup by both sides was painfully slow. How else could it be in the appalling heat? It was a full 25 minutes before Chinaglia could break free from Fogarty, and then it was to center the ball for Romero, who blazed a shot over the bar at close range.

So it went in the first, grueling half, and it was clear even then that the first goal would be all-important. In the last 15 minutes of the half the Cosmos began, if not exactly to dominate, at least to take over more territory.

Then came a stunning blow to the Strikers. Five and a half minutes before halftime, Mueller limped off the field with a pulled thigh muscle. And, inexplicably it seemed, van der Hart decided to replace him with the young Forward Koos Waslander, instead of the more experienced Keith Weller of England. "I believed that Koos was more an attacking player," van der Hart would say. "Weller is a midfielder." As it was, Waslander played ineffectively. More fuel for the flames back in Lauderdale.

Almost as soon as the second half started, just after Waslander had missed from point-blank range, came the first goal from Romero. Now, it seemed, the Strikers had to come out, to throw everything into the game. But without Mueller they



Cacciatore was a minuscule (5' 2") Striker threat

only sputtered. Indeed, they looked ready to be overwhelmed.

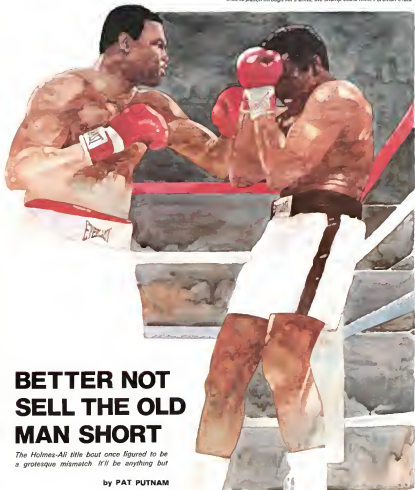
Everybody except Fogarty, that is, who earned his money. A full 70 minutes went by before Chinaglia was allowed to make his first clear shot on goal. Unhappily for Fogarty, one was enough. At 70:06, Giorgio made the Cosmos' lead 2-0, driving the ball home into the near corner of the net from just inside the box. In the heat, there was no way for the Strikers to come back.

And then, three minutes from the end, the frosting on the cake, provided, appropriately, by Chinaglia. Uncharacteristically he had hit a post earlier. Then he missed at close range, driving the ball straight at Jan van Beveren in the Strikers' goal. Roberto Cabanas headed the rebound back to Chinaglia, though, and this time he made no mistake: 3-0 and exit the Strikers. For the New York Cosmos, it was their third Soccer Bowl victory in four years. And Chinaglia, the recipient of the MVP award for the playoffs, clearly was entitled to the honor. And that's no prop.

END

Almost the roughest save Cosmos goalie Hubert Brannen made involved one pooped pigeon.

Despite his superb physical condition, 35-year-old Ali will need to resort to the rope-a-dope to get some rest. If Holmes attacks it straight on and tries to punch through Ali's arms, the champ could meet Foreman's fate



BETTER NOT SELL THE OLD MAN SHORT

The Holmes-Ali title bout once figured to be a grotesque mismatch. It'll be anything but

by PAT PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BART FORBES

The Terrible Table stands on shining aluminum legs that dig deep into the thick carpeting of Suite 301 of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. The table, a three-by-seven-foot instrument of torture, like much of the decor in the suite, is a glaring orange, and it is on its shiny vinyl surface that Muhammad Ali, at the age of 38, will win—or lose—in his bid for an unprecedented fourth world heavyweight championship. The table is Ali's rack, his Iron Maiden. On it he has torn down and rebuilt the body that had become so bloated during the past 25 months. Whatever happens on Oct. 2, when Ali meets Larry Holmes, the undefeated WBC heavyweight champion, in the specially erected \$800,000 outdoor stadium at Caesars, one irrefutable fact will stand out: Ali, grossly out of shape only a few months ago, will be in better physical condition than at any time since he fought Joe Frazier in Manila in 1975. And in better physical and mental condition than at any time since he bottled George Foreman in Zaire in 1974.

Once this figured to be the fight no one would want to see: Ali, flabby and floundering, would be stung into submission by the flashing jab of a man eight years younger; he would inevitably be hammered onto the canvas by a boxer who had 27 knockouts in 35 fights. It would be no more than a grotesque replay of the 28-year-old Rocky Marciano vs. the 37-year-old Joe Louis, of the tough young fighter against the venerated but vulnerable former champion whose comeback could end in nothing but the sad tolling of nine-ten-and-out.

It won't happen that way.

It is 6:15 a.m. and Ali, after a six-mile run alone across the Dunes Golf Course that began at 3:30, sits in the drawn-curtain half-light of his bedroom and watches a videotape replay of Holmes knocking out Mike Weaver—now the WBA champion—last year at Madison Square Garden. In the kitchen Lana Shabazz yawns as she sets about preparing Ali's breakfast: scrambled eggs, whole wheat toast and two large carafes of fruit



To counter the rope-a-dope, Holmes must step to either side and throw looping punches to Ali's kidneys as Sparks did in winning the heavyweight title from Ali. The tactic forced the older man to drop his arms and box.

juice. In the living room, asleep on a sofa near the Terrible Table, is Luis Sarria, the silent Cuban who directs Ali's calisthenics and rubs him down.

As he watches the Holmes-Weaver fight Ali speaks, at first softly: "When I was 256 pounds of fat and all out of shape and watching this film, I was worried. I didn't know if I could do it. It was sooo strange. I asked myself: Can I do it? Can I make myself fast enough to beat this man? I was [his smile can be seen in the blue-white light of the TV set] worried. Very worried."

A few days before, Ali had shaved off the mustache that, together with a facial softening resulting from no exercise and too many sweets, had prematurely made him look middle-aged. Now his face is

slim and firm. So is his body. It is as if he has turned the clock back to 1971, when he was 29.

"Look at that," Ali, now shouting, remarks as he watches the two small figures pummeling each other on the screen. "Holmes is slow and wide open." Ali's left hand snakes out, jabbing and, before the eye can focus on it, cocking and jabbing again. "There! There is where I get him. Pop! Pop!" Leaping from the bed, Ali concentrates on the screen. "Pop! Pop! Bam!" The left flicks twice, quickly followed by a streaking right.

"Holmes is down!" Ali yells as he narrates the picture he sees in his mind. "Ali goes to a neutral corner . . . seven, eight, nine, ten! And for the world-record-setting, never-to-be-broken fourth time,

continued



Ali often grabs an opponent by the neck in what looks like a clumsy attempt to tie him up. In fact, it is a maneuver that weakens a rival by creating strain on his neck and shoulders

HOLMES-ALI PREVIEW continued

Muhammad Ali is the heavyweight champion of the world. I can see it happening. It's there. Now that I got my weight down and I'm in shape, I know I can do it. Man, I got confidence. I can see it in my mind just as if it was happening right there on the screen. Look at that: Weaver is sooo slow, and Holmes is having trouble hitting him. Right now Holmes is tired. You got to walk to Holmes, just keep walking at him and make him work. He gets tired. Sooo tired Man, I'll eat him alive."

Pumping jabs, Ali comes perilously close to flooring the TV set as he shouts, "Pow! Pow! Pow! I see it all now! he's exhausted, it's my fight now. Bam! The right hand over the tired jab. Look, he's talking to Weaver. Well, he ain't heard no talking like I'm going to talk to him. I'll really talk to him. He's no Liston. He's no Foreman. He's no Frazier. He's only Larry Holmes, and he's nothin'! He's just the man between me and my fourth title, and I'm going to beat him so bad it's

going to be a total mismatch. Look at that," he says, pointing toward the TV. "That's awful. If I didn't know Holmes, hadn't seen all that publicity, I'd ask. Who's that bum?"

In another wing of Caesars Palace, on a floor one story higher, Larry Holmes is lying face down on a light purple couch. The champion has complained of a slight soreness in his back, and Richie Gaschetti, his burly trainer and co-manager, kneels as he massages ointment into Holmes' thick, distinctly defined latissimus dorsi muscles.

On the floor, his feet stuck under one end of the curved couch, is Jake Holmes, the champion's older brother, who is sweating through 35 situps. A short, powerful man, Jake has a weight problem, which leads to training camp bets with his brother. So far during training for the Ali fight Jake has dropped 28 pounds, putting him at a trim 198 and leaving him \$200 heavier in the wallet. Another 18 pounds would earn him a \$10,000

bonus. "Only way I can get that low," Jake moans, "would be to cut off a leg."

"Might not be enough," observes the champion. He winks at Gaschetti.

A knock at the door cuts short the repartee. It's room service. A liveried waiter, in obvious awe, wheels in a cart carrying Holmes' breakfast: scrambled eggs, three slices of ham, toast and a couple of canfies of fruit juice.

"What's that stuff on top of the juice?" Jake asks suspiciously.

"Pulp," says the waiter, who is busy getting two autographs from the champion. "It is fresh squeezed."

Holmes shifts to a sitting position and begins to eat, not as if he's hungry but as if he's performing an act dictated by the time of day. There is growing concern that he will enter the ring in the same mood. For certain, Holmes wants to beat Ali, to beat him badly, and to that end he has trained long and arduously. But the fierce compulsion that drove him to become the heavyweight champion may have become diluted, not so much by his success as by his maturation from a tough junior high dropout to a respected businessman-benefactor in his hometown of Easton, Pa. Additional fame and fortune have little appeal for Holmes. The change has clearly left him more of a man, but perhaps less of a fighter.

Since winning the championship from Ken Norton in June of 1978, Holmes hasn't been in against anyone who came within a long ton of his class. Yet, both Weaver and Earnie Shavers—one no more than a muscular journeyman, the other well past his prime—almost toppled him from his hard-won throne. In each instance only Holmes' great courage and pride brought him back from defeat. A rally after Shavers dropped him in the seventh round that resulted in an 11th-round TKO of Shavers and a return from lethargy against Weaver that had the same result in the 12th round.

"There's something very wrong with Holmes," says Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer for 19 years. "It's physiological. I don't know what it is, but after seven or eight rounds he runs out of gas. He has nothing left. It's the George Foreman

thing. But then, like Foreman, he's only an earthling. People fail to understand that: Muhammad Ali is Muhammad Ali, and compared to him all other men are mere earthlings."

But in confronting mere earthlings Ali can call upon only three weapons: a stinging left jab, a righthand counter over the top of his opponent's jab and the mystique of being Ali. The last is the most powerful weapon in this limited arsenal.

"Bull," growls Holmes, almost spilling his orange juice. "To me Ali is not God, but godless. Not Superman. Not a miracle worker. He's a human being, just like you and me. He got his weight down, and he thinks that will make him young again. Well, it won't. Ali can't turn back the clock; no one can. And look at who he beat. Frazier was a midget. Foreman a robot. [Floyd] Patterson a rabbit. [Archie] Moore was old. [Cleveland] Williams old. [Sonny] Liston old. Just about everybody he fought was old. Now he's

going to find out how it feels to be an old man fighting a good, fast young man. I really believe I'll knock him out. I have a great deal of respect for myself. I know what I can do. And I know what he will do—and I'm ready for it."

What Ali intends to do is fight in flurries lasting a maximum of 30 or 40 seconds. The rest of the time Ali must rest and marshal his reconstituted body to wring another burst of 29-year-old power from muscles that have lived another decade. And all the time, fighting or resting, he must keep Holmes busy. The strategy is to keep the champ working until he tires, as he has in recent fights. Then, about the ninth or 10th round, Ali will throw that stunning right counter over a wearied jab and it will end. If it doesn't, no matter. Ah, fighting for another title at an age when a lot of cops and firemen are thinking of their pensions, can go 15 rounds. Like a wild horse, he'll keep going until he drops.

But to avoid an early fall, he must not only control his own pace but dictate Holmes' as well.

"Holmes expects me to run, to grab and hold," says Ali. "The man is in for a surprise. I am going to win the first four or five rounds and then he's going to get scared and make a mistake. Holmes can't come from behind. He panics. If he panics against me, the right hand will end it. If he doesn't panic, it won't matter. I'll win the early rounds, he can have the middle rounds if he earns them, but the late rounds will be mine because he'll be too tired to do anything more than try to survive."

Panic and too much regard for the Ali mystique are what Holmes must avoid. Holmes is a superior boxer. He could do some things as a preliminary fighter that Ali never tried to do as a champion. His jab is as good as Ali's, perhaps better. That classic weapon is what Holmes' reputation is built on. But because his jab is so quick and powerful, it has tended to obscure the fact that Holmes has a repertoire of effective combinations. He can throw combinations that Ali may not have had thrown at him. And certainly

continued

If, as the Ali camp anticipates, Holmes' left jab slows down around the sixth or 10th round, Ali will begin to counter with a right over the jab, but that in turn could leave Ali vulnerable to Holmes' potent right cross.





Ali and Holmes both have a quick, pinpoint jab; thus out-ring action will take the form of two intent fighters looking to find an opening. There will be little time for Ali to clown.

HOLMES-ALI PREVIEW *continued*

Holmes' hook is far superior, if for no other reason than that Ali throws a hook about as often as Halley's Comet emblazons the sky. "I don't hook," says Ali. "It leaves me open to a right hand. I don't like getting hit by right hands."

As well he might. Holmes' right hand can be devastating. The question is: Can Holmes throw the right hand, or a hook, when it will finish a fighter? Against Shavers last year, Holmes repeatedly begged Shavers to retire honorably, on his feet. As Shavers staggered about the ring, Holmes pleaded, "Earnie, quit. I'm afraid I'm going to hurt you bad."

"Screw you," Shavers snarled back. "You're making a million dollars. Fight!"

And Holmes needed almost four rounds from the time he regained control of the bout to stop the stumbling Shavers.

With his ability as a finisher in question, it becomes all the more imperative that Holmes devise a strategy that will prevent Ali from setting the tempo of the fight. When Ali goes into his rope-a-dope to rest, which he will do frequently, Holmes must not wear himself out bang-

ing uselessly against Ali's protective shell of arms. He must take a step to either side and then unleash his potent hook to the kidneys to make Ali lower his guard. That was how Spinks won the title in his first fight with Ali.

And Holmes must have an answer to Ali's habit of grabbing an opponent behind the neck and pulling his head strongly downward. He did it 137 times in his second, victorious fight with Frazier. While to onlookers this maneuver appears to be only annoying, part of Ali's disdainful ring showmanship, in fact it tends over the course of several rounds to paralyze the vertebrae of an opponent's neck as he bucks and twists to free himself. The tactic subtly wears a man down. It's innocuous enough at first, when it causes just the neck to tighten up. But as the rounds go by, the weariness spreads from the beleaguered neck to the arms, then the legs, and eventually even a superbly conditioned body rebels against the need to maintain balance while trying to press forward.

"I hope he tries that," says Holmes, finishing off a piece of toast. "He grabs my neck and I'll kill his kidneys."

The rope-a-dope?

"Then I'll show you a dope on the rope." Standing, Larry uses Jake to demonstrate how he'll attack Ali. He loops

wide hooks to the lower back, he fires a quick right uppercut, and then hooks to the temple with his left. "The uppercut turns his head and sets up both the chin and the temple area for the left hook," Holmes explains. "This is where you hit Ali: high on the side of the head in the area of the temple. That's what'll get him. That, and moving side to side and hooking to his kidneys."

The demonstration complete, Holmes resumes his breakfast. For a moment he appears deep in thought, then: "This is not only Ali's last hurrah, but it could be mine, too. If I lose this fight, I might never fight again."

To the observer, it seems the thought of never fighting again doesn't disturb Holmes, an impression reinforced by the champion's next words. "I traveled with Ali as a sparring partner and I saw all the things I thought I wanted," he says, speaking as much to himself as to those in the room. "But now I've got all those things, and I've learned that they aren't as important as I once thought they were. Sure, I want to beat Ali, to finally get the recognition that I'm the real

champ. But I'm not crazy about the lime-light. I get up in the morning, I want to be alone. I go out to dinner, I want to be alone. This Ali fight has given me more publicity than I've ever had, more than I want. I belong to the public, but I belong to myself, too."

Holmes leaves part of his breakfast on the table. Hunger—for food or fame or even fortune—is no longer the driving force in his life.

It is the following morning, and Ali, draped with a white bath towel, is lying belly down on the Terrible Table. Lloyd Wells, the keeper of the calisthenics log, is reading aloud newspaper stories about the upcoming fight. Ali half listens as he watches *Today* on television. Wells finishes a story written by Tommy Lopez in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*.

"That it?" Ali asks.

"Yeah," says Wells as he turns through the sports pages. "Wait, here is a story

where Don King picks Holmes to win."

"Read it," Ali orders.

"... King said, 'Father Time has caught up with Ali. Yesterday's champ will not be today's champ....'"

There is an angry look on Ali's face and he suddenly rolls over on his back. With a grunt Ali does his first sit-up of the day. There are 13 cruel variations of the exercise that have been given names like the Belly Buster, the Scissors Mumbo, the Leg Spin, the Bo Bo Circle and, the worst, the Green Bay Packer Run-'Em-Out-of-Camp Rock.

It was to the Terrible Table that Ali went to get into condition to destroy Spinks in their second fight more than two years ago. For that one he did 8,024 sit-ups in 39 days. "What was the one-day record for Spinks?" Ali asks after his 42nd Belly Buster.

Wells looks up from the purple ledger he uses to record each day's work. "It was 517," he says.

"I'll beat that today," says Ali, as he resumes driving his body back through the years. The total for this day will be 536 sit-ups. It is Ali's 39th day of serious training, and his sit-up total is already 10,000, even. There are still 22 days until the fight with Holmes.

On the afternoon of this day, Ali also boxes 36 straight minutes without rest, using seven sparring partners. He weighs 224 pounds, and the rolls of fat that jiggled through his most recent fights have disappeared. He's 29 again.

The betting had opened with Holmes favored 3-1 and had dropped to 2-1. On the day Ali sparred nonstop for more than a half hour, the odds were 9-5. The next day they dipped to 8-5. "The odds are dropping like my waistline," says Ali with a laugh. Then his voice hardens and the words come as darts. "They say I'm going to get hurt. When did I ever get hurt? They say I got brain damage. Liver damage. They all lied. I spent three days at the Mayo Clinic. They stuck wires in me; I looked like Frankenstein's monster. I passed every test. Look how pretty I talk. How could I have brain damage? I'll show those lying...."

For Ali, this 60th professional fight, for which he'll receive \$8 million, is The Big One. Again. That's all he needs. It has been said that he has made a critical mistake by not having a tune-up. The simple truth is that he probably couldn't beat any other decent heavyweight because any other heavyweight would be, to him, meaningless. Ali has always had a problem walking up a gently sloping hill, but he can race up a mountain.

"I'm the underdog," he bellows happily. "God, I love it. Just tell me I can't do something. Tell me it's impossible. Tell me I'm not the greatest."

Put it all in a computer and the winner comes out Holmes. He's a superb champion, he's eight years younger than Ali, and he's in excellent condition. In the last two years he has had seven fights to Ali's none. He's unbeaten.

There's just one thing that he isn't: he isn't Muhammad Ali. No other earthly thing could be.

END



Ali has tortured his once bloated body into shape to go 15 rounds, and after 59 professional fights, 14 of which went the championship distance, he knows how to pace himself.

At the start, with the Western Highlands of Scotland golden with June sunshine, Hamish MacInnes and I had taken a lighthearted, not to say flippant, view of the whole venture. We sauntered down the straggly main street of Fort William like tourists, casting our eyes over the tartan-and-tweed shops but finding no bargain until we came on the five-and-dime store which, incongruously, featured a window display of mountaineering boots.

Hamish, no doubt, had a hundred pairs of his own, but I had come ill-prepared for our upcoming flight, so we entered perhaps the only Woolworth's in the

long black hair, but she could have made it on wits alone.

"No, sir," she said, deadpan, "that's almost a sea-level whisky. What you want is the 21-year-old Glen Grant." A K.O. The stuff was the most expensive in the house. A fifth cost more than my new boots, and she had it wrapped before I could say a word. A girl wasted in Fort William. She should've been selling Chevis in Japan.

Five days later I would've been grateful to be in Japan or anywhere out of the Western Highlands, though that first morning gave no indication of what was to come. We didn't realize that the cal-

TALK ABOUT A HIGHLAND FLING!

by CLIVE GAMMON

A transatlantic phone call sent the author off to a Scottish mountaintop, where he found balloons, bedlam and a couple of birds named Amanda and Eve

world that caters to mountaineers. At \$20 the boots were the best deal in town. Also, there seemed the chance for a little fun.

I took a pair from the rack. "Are these boots guaranteed for high altitude?" I asked the saleslady as I tried them on. "Will they stand up to 12,000, 14,000 feet? Do they grip well in the basket?" Hamish, spare, eagle-nosed, fiercely bearded, transfixed her with a stare that demanded the truth. "Hard to find a good ballooning boot these days," he said.

The woman looked around wildly for the manager, but I let her off the hook. "I'll take them," I said. Out in the street again, snacking, we moved on to the liquor store. It was stocked floor to ceiling with Scottish malt whiskies. I picked up a bottle of the Dufftown Glenlivet. "Is this a good altitude whisky?" I asked the girl behind the counter. She was a winner, with dark blue Celtic eyes and

endar was taking us on a collision course with Friday the 13th.

Time for explanations. Hamish and I were in Scotland for a somewhat unusual race. As soon as the weather proved suitable, each of us would ascend from the summit of Ben Nevis, the highest peak in the Highlands, in his own hot-air balloon. The summit of the Ben, as we came to call it, is 4,406 feet above sea level, an unimpressive figure when compared to the elevation of the peaks in the Himalayas or even the Rockies, but the Ben rears almost straight up from the sea and isn't unimpressive when you look at it from below.

The rules of the race were quite simple. Neither Hamish nor I had ever set foot in a balloon basket, but

Victorian comfort and Aquarian calm were what I anticipated on my first balloon flight: travelling in a basket furnished like an old Pullman car



each of us would have a professional pilot. We would lift off in turn—there being no room on top of the Ben for a simultaneous start—and after a minimum flying time of three hours, the winning two-man team would be the one that landed, packed up its balloon and found its way to a pub first.

Landlords and innkeepers within a 50-mile radius of the Ben had been alerted to expect the arrival of the intrepid balloonists. More important, the Scottish police, in a rare moment of permissiveness, had issued a blanket dispensation from the strict local licensing hours so that liquor might be served the aeronauts at any time of day or night. That was vital. Not only did the winning balloonists have to get to a bar first, but the landlord also would have to gravely record the exact moment when they raised glasses to lips. The prize, somewhat redundantly, was a case of champagne.

Months earlier, when I was challenged to the race by way of a transatlantic phone call, it had sounded like superior fun. But by the time spring came around, I had half forgotten it. There was this mysterious entry in my diary that seemed to read "Fat William," which at first I reckoned must be the name of a Manhattan restaurant that somebody had recommended. Then I realized I'd written Fort William, the town on Loch Linnhe that had been General William Augustus (Butcher) Cumberland's base when he set out to break the Scottish clans after Bonnie Prince Charlie's abortive uprising in 1745.

Romantic country, and much of it still as wild as when the Redcoats drilled their straight military road through the Great Glen and north to Inverness. The wildness was part of the race, of course. It would have been no challenge to land on a neat meadow next to a highway and flag down the first passing car. North, east and south of the Ben were mountains; to the west lay the Isle of Skye and the North Atlantic. Landing a balloon wouldn't be easy.

So it seemed likely that I would need those Woolworth boots. There were 46 pubs within three hours' range as the balloon flies, but many of them were in Fort William itself. If we touched down in the country, there might be some tough walking, even climbing, ahead.

Which was where, I had to concede, my rival had an advantage. Hamish Mac-

Innes who is 50—a year younger than I—lives just down the road from Ben Nevis at Glen Coe and is one of the world's great adventurers as well as one of its finest mountaineers. I'd met him two years earlier when he gave me the chance to go along with him on an utterly absurd hunt for a fabled Inca gold mine in the highlands of Ecuador.

Of course, I didn't go. After all, for four centuries, people from the Conquistadores on had been looking for that mine. Maybe they weren't as tough as Hamish, because he found it after only three weeks of searching, just as he had been the first man, seven years previously, to cut through virgin rain forest in Guyana and then climb 8,500 feet to discover the so-called Lost World Plateau. He also has almost a full set of the Himalayan peaks to his credit and was deputy leader on the 1975 Chris Bonington Everest expedition.

Such, then, was my opponent in the race. But there was a clank in his armor, and it came out that first afternoon as we sat in the sunshine looking out over Loch Linnhe, studying the map. "Interesting," Hamish said. "An easterly wind would take us straight out over Ardnarmurchan Point, and that's the most westerly land in mainland Britain. Then we'd go just south of the Outer Hebrides, just north of Ireland, and we'd be set fair for Labrador. And the water's awful cold just now. I'm not too keen on flying over water.... I'd be far happier landing on a cliff somewhere."

So, hydrophobia, eh? I wished Hamish no harm, but a sea or a loch landing seemed more preferable to me than coming down on a mountain ledge. There were to be helicopters tracking us, the balloons would float in the water for a time, until the air cooled, and one could always use an empty gas cylinder as a flotation device. I said as much to Hamish.

"In the water temperature out there in the North Atlantic, you'd last about five or six minutes," he said judiciously.

The whole race had been Hamish's idea. He'd been figuring out ways of filming a rock-pinnacle climb on Utah's Canyon Mountain, and he thought a balloon might make a steadier camera platform than a helicopter—if it could be controlled. Then his mind made one of its lateral jumps—just as it had when he realized that previous searchers for the Inca mine had been misreading the old Spanish manuscripts—and the concept of the Great Ben Nevis Balloon Race sprang, fully created, to life. It was then that he made the transatlantic telephone challenge that I'd lightheartedly accepted.

"What's it like, ballooning?" I'd asked him when we first met in Scotland.

"I don't know," he said. "I've never been in one. You?"

"No," I told him. "Never."

"We don't have to fly then," he pointed out. He was right. We would meet our pilots next morning.

Actually, I was quite looking forward to my first flight. Victorian comfort and an Aquarian calm were what I antici-



"Are these boots guaranteed for high altitudes?" I asked the lady at the five & ten

posed: traveling in a basket richly furnished like an old Pullman car, perhaps, or a Soviet airliner, as the panorama of mountains passed peacefully, silently below. The thought of what would happen after disembarking gave me my only uneasiness. But I wasn't too wary, seeing as our pilots were professionals.

But did pros bring girl friends called Amanda and Eve with them? More pertinent, having brought them, should they be romping and frolicking together in the grassy meadow where the balloon gear was laid out and where, presumably, anemometers and similar devices should even now have been analyzing the weather for our race? "Amanda!" one of the pilots called shrilly, "watch out, you are standing on a valve!" And so she was. Air or something was hissing out of a piece of equipment I couldn't identify, into which she had dug a heel. "I reckon that's your pilot," I said to Hamish.

All that took place on the morning following our shopping expedition in Fort William. The blue-and-gold weather was still idyllic down in Glen Nevis—a glen being what the Scots call the narrow, often lushly green valleys between the mountains. The River Nevis bubbled and glittered in the sun, and to the north lay the Ben itself, its peak still streaked with snow in midsummer.

The mountain looked benign enough at the moment, though it occurred to both Hamish and me that the less delay in our flight the better, Highland weather being notoriously changeable. But it was clear that our companions were in no hurry. Amanda and Eve and our pilots, Ian and John, were obviously enjoying their summer break in Scotland, and there were lots of preparations to make, like getting a new tire for their Jeep: one had split when Ian had tried to back up over a boulder.

I was pleased to discover that Ian, the one who had spoken sharply to Amanda, was indeed Hamish's pilot. He was in his 20s, a newly qualified doctor, and he had grown a black mustache to add gravitas to his bedside manner. Ian very soon revealed himself to be one who slid effortlessly into the lecturing mode. Hamish and I quickly learned not to cue him into one of his 15-minute explanations of why hot air rises.

That morning, however, as the anemometer was rigged to judge wind speed and little helium balloons were released

to tell us the wind direction, Hamish and I had yet to learn to avoid this pitfall, and it was not until lunchtime—or after a number of lectures—that we got a professional verdict on the weather. "Hm, hm, just flyable, I would say," Ian informed us in the manner of a wine connoisseur giving a bare passing grade to a burgundy. Hamish and I started to pick up our crash helmets and life jackets loaned by the RAF fighter station at Lossiemouth, about 60 miles away. We were premature.

"That is not to say," Ian said, smiling at our foolish enthusiasm, "that the windspeed at the summit is acceptable." Then he asked, "How are the Mets coming along?"

"I haven't seen an American paper all week," I said.

All I got was a blank look. "The meteorological reports," said Ian, explaining as to a child, "the ones that tell us how hard the wind is blowing." It seemed to Hamish and me that it was more likely that there wasn't enough wind. It looked so calm up there that the local golden eagles might have had trouble taking off because of lack of lift.

Nevertheless, we couldn't begin our race that morning, Ian decreed. We would have another shot at it when the wind dropped in the evening—in Scotland at midsummer the light lingers until past 11 p.m. And that was that, aside from a 10-minute dissertation on just why winds tend to drop in the evening.

It was unjust, I felt, that Ian wasn't present at around 6 p.m. when Hamish and I, abstemiously sipping cider in the bar of our Fort William hotel, noticed that the pine trees we could see through the window were moving quite a bit. We walked to the door. The gold had gone out of the evening, the temperature had dropped, and a nor'easter, 30 knots of it, was whistling down the Great Glen. We put our helmets away and stopped ordering cider.

The nor'easter stayed with us for three



As the birds frolicked, doctor-pilot Ian was boringly serious.

days. Not only was it strong, it was a seaward wind as well; though, as I pointed out to Hamish, the north in it gave us a sporting chance of making Greenland rather than Labrador.

The three-day break also gave me a chance to talk with my pilot John. John seemed a little overshadowed, a little diffident, when Ian was around. But on his own, he was different. He was a full-time professional balloonist, I learned, and had flown in New Mexico and California, as well as Europe. All that flight experience made up a little for the shock I'd had when I saw the basket we were to fly in.

It was high-sided and very small, with barely room enough for its two passengers to stand upright, hemmed in as they were by the four cylinders of propane gas that fueled the burners supplying the hot air for the envelope. With difficulty I climbed in, grabbing some of the entails of the craft for support. "Leave that hose alone!" John said sharply. "And that red line! That's the rip line. If you pull it, you let the hot air out. Please, please, don't hang on to it accidentally."

The lecture proceeded, but it was a lot more purposeful than Ian's earbenders. I listened with undivided attention. "If it

continued



Hamish and I swapped out for stronger stuff as the wind picked up

gusts like it's gusting just now," he was telling me, "when we hit, the basket is going to tip over and drag. Get inside it. Right down. Hold on to something. Not the gas hose! Don't jump out or fall out until the balloon stops or it'll shoot up in the air again—with me in it. If we get sudden gusts or changes of wind direction at low level, the sides of the balloon could collapse. Don't worry! We have two burners, just like a twin-motored aircraft. We can blow it up again fast."

I should have studied all this months ago, I reflected, instead of nourishing those Aquarian fantasies. When we hit, indeed! It might be fun dragging across pasture land, frightening the cows, but this was the Highlands, very little of which is flat. "What if we hit a mountainside?" I asked.

He considered the point judiciously and then said, "Well, you do get this kind of curling effect of the wind running up a valley. It could happen. We could get stuck up on a ledge. But we have a helicopter following."

Being picked off the side of a sheer granite wall running with water would seem to involve hazards for us as well as for the helicopter. I was ruminating on all this when, with uttering timing, Hamish arrived with the news "We'll fly tonight!" he exalted. "The Mets are looking great!"

"Yes, I saw that in the *International Herald Tribune*," I said, mystifying him but keeping my cool. Even as John and I

had been talking, the wind had eased. We seemed all set.

We had, however, failed to reckon with Ian's thoroughness, which manifested itself as soon as we had hoisted the two balloon rigs as far up the side of the mountain as the Jeep would go. He'd brought the anemometer with him and, as it slowly turned, he studied it with the intensity of a prisoner on the gallows staring down the high road for the king's messenger carrying a reprieve. He also began to talk a lit-

tle strangely: "I don't want to take off if there is any risk of ending in the water. Though water is flat. Sometimes it's flat..." It seemed no use to point out that what little wind there was would take us over the Great Glen and inland. Ian kept staring at the anemometer.

The helicopter, which would carry the packaged balloons to the summit, arrived. There seemed no reason to delay. The gear was hooked up and the first package, swaying like a great pendulum, was on its way. Then the second. The next flight took up the pilots and their girl friends, while below, Hamish and I readied ourselves for the trip. I noticed that the label inside my life jacket declared that it had been made by a company called Frankenstein and Sons of Manchester. Also, inside my jet pilot's helmet were inscribed the names of the previous owners, each one carefully crossed out. It looked like a small war memorial. And then the helicopter was coming back for us.

No, not for us, because Ian and John were still aboard and Ian was shaking his head. "Marginal on the summit," he said. John was poker-faced. The helicopter pilot winked at me and mouthed a phrase silently. "Chicken in the basket," he

seemed to be saying. He also had some news for us. The next day, he said, was the last he could set aside for us. On Saturday, he said, he had to take Rod Stewart, the pop singer, fishing.

"Tomorrow's Friday, then," I said. I'd lost track of the days.

"Right," said the pilot, grinning. "Friday the 13th."

It would be our last shot. At 3 a.m. the next morning, just before first light, Hamish and I were at base camp on the side of the Ben, looking for the headlights of the pilots' Jeep to appear. 3:10, 3:20... "They're not coming," I said. But then, a little before 3:30, there was the flash of lights, and Ian and John—yes, and Amanda and Eve—joined us just as we heard the throb of the helicopter coming to pick us up.

When we all assembled on the summit, we found the equipment already there, lying on the snow like the abandoned gear of a failed Everest attempt. There was only a light wind blowing, and to the north of us for 100 miles, like line after line of frozen surf, were the subterranean Highlands of Scotland. The early morning sun shone pinkly on the summit snow—virgin still, until jolly old Amanda and Eve started a snowball fight.

Even so, for two more hours Ian held off, John seeming to defer to him. In the end, though, there could be no



Joy turned to terror as Hamish's balloon abruptly dropped

Here's the problem:

$$\text{AERO HP} = C_D \times A \times Q \times V$$

(Aerodynamic horsepower = Coefficient of drag X
frontal area X dynamic air pressure X velocity.)



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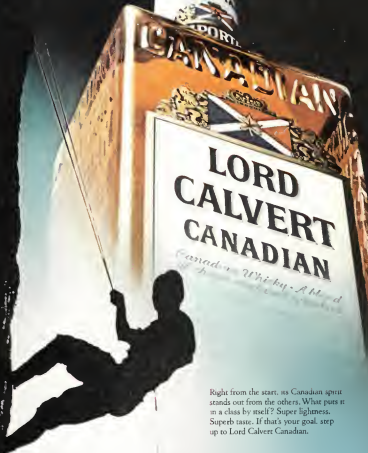
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more procrastination. The first balloon was unwrapped, the envelope stretched out over the snow, and the hot-air burners turned on to pump it up. As it filled, the basket dragged a little along the icy skin on the snowfield, but it righted itself, the guys were released and Hamish and Ian floated off the ledge, over the black north face of the Ben.

Shrill cheers from the girls. Then, not girlishly at all, Amanda was shrieking, "Oh, Jessa!" As if giant hands had slapped it, the sides of the balloon had collapsed inward and it started to drop out of the air. That was at 4,500 feet, we learned later, and it lost 1,000 of those. "Wind shear," John said, ashen, using the term for a violent buffet from one of the rogue gusts that hang around mountain-tops. For a moment we lost sight of Ian's balloon, but then, hugely relieved, we saw it float out across the valley, inflated and under control again.

It wasn't a good moment to contemplate one's first balloon flight. Now our craft's envelope was stretched out, and the burners were shoveling in the hot air. I was concentrating on just how I was going to scramble into the basket, when our first crisis hit. One of our anchoring ties snapped, and the balloon, three-quarters inflated, started dragging across the ice toward the ledge. By now John was in the basket. I was half in, half out. Then came our second crisis.

Not so much a crisis, more of an apocalypse. Suddenly, the wicker basket burst into flames. I rolled out and started to run. Chicken in the basket was one thing. Roast chicken was something else again. Even so, four cylinders of propane exploding probably would have caught up with me. That they didn't was because John, surrounded by flames, got to the extinguisher and put the fire out.

His face was scorched, but his flying suit and helmet had saved him from worse. Sitting in the snow, I told

him, "You were crazy to stay in there."

His answer was truly professional. "Did you know those things cost \$15,000?" he said. For the first time I noticed the balloon was still on the mountaintop, deflated. "After the fire was out," said John, "I pulled the rip."

The helicopter came back for us, of course. Before long we were in the bar of the Nevis Bank Hotel, where a little pre-breakfast whisky seemed in order. Not winning whisky, of course. Hamish and Ian were drinking that. Hearing of our abort over a walkie-talkie, Ian explained airily, they had cut short their flight. Indeed, the Nevis Bank, of the 40-

the collapse of his balloon, he said, but a minor error. "I should have broken out the parachute before takeoff for more lift. But I did it after we were up and we lost a great deal of air." Suddenly, green as I was, I knew just what he'd done. He'd pulled the red cord, the descent cord, opening up a panel at the top of the envelope. "We were never in danger at any time, even though we were dropping at 1,000 feet a minute. I was in complete control," Ian concluded.

Hamish MacInnes is a very gentle man, with never a hard word for anyone. But this was too much even for him. "Tell me, then, Ian," he said, "why did the



As we prepared to lift off, our basket suddenly burst into flames. I leaped to safety but John was trapped inside.

odd pubs alerted, was the nearest to the Ben's summit, and they had been in the air only 80 minutes. We wouldn't insist on a strict interpretation of the rules we said. They'd won.

Ian looked happier than he had on the Ben. "Not an epic flight," he conceded graciously. His audience was nodding sympathetically when he added a rider. "Just a great flight," he said.

It hadn't been wind shear that caused

sweat break out across your face when the ground started to come up at us?"

Later, at breakfast, Hamish said to me, "That ballooning is all right, but I prefer to be more in control, like on a mountain. Listen," he said, "I've got a good climb for next month. A gas storage tank in central London. Four hundred feet. Do you fancy it?"

"I have to get home," I said, "to see how the Mets are doing."

END

HERB LINDSAY COMES ON STRONG

by BOB OTTUM

His physique seems better suited to the backfield than the blacktop, but the record shows he's America's finest road racer





Just a few minutes now until race time and Herbert Donald Lindsay is getting ready to blast off. It's something to see: Lindsay practically snaps, crackles and pops with assorted tensions. This is customarily the moment when racers are withdrawn, each self-absorbed and looking inward for strength. At most they'll nod distractedly at one another in fleeting indications of goodwill. Not Lindsay. He's delivering an unspoken message all around; it can be seen in his appraising glances at the others, in his subtle changes of posture, the casual shaking of a thigh muscle or the flexing of a shoulder. This is what Lindsay is telling the other runners:

All right, it's belly-to-the-ground time, gang. You wanted to race, *ok-a-a-a-y*, you're going to race. Make sure that your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright and locked position, and no further smoking until you're well inside the terminal.

To be fair, it must be noted that not all of this is conscious on Lindsay's part. His appearance puts a lot of the competitive chill in the air. Lindsay has a craggy and chiseled brow; in an overhead sun, his eyes are hidden in darkness. His jawline is unyielding. His body is lean and flat this way, from the side view, but wide this way, from head-on. At 5'9" and 150 pounds, he is Arnold Schwarzenegger with most of the air let out. Or, as Greater Boston Track Club Running Coach Bill Squires says, "The first time I saw Herb in full pursuit, coming over a hill, I thought, 'My God, he looks like a melted halfback.'" With Lindsay, every important bone is overlaid with a sheath of muscle. His thighs are slabbed on the sides.

The popular thinking in this nation is that runners just aren't supposed to look this way. It isn't necessarily the correct thinking, as we shall see later, it's just popular. People tend to identify runners with the wraithlike Bill Rodgers, who looks like Woody Allen at speed, or Frank Shorter, handsome but terribly gaunt. The theory grows that because such men are successful runners, skinny must be good. And then up pops a Lindsay, clean-cut and rippling, giving off fierce messages about "Let's go racing." We see his competition number and the Nike prototype racing shoes—those advance-model Nikes are a dead giveaway—but are we sure this man is a real runner?

This man is, indeed, uh-huh, a runner. As it turns out, Lindsay, who is 25, is one of the very best road racers in the country, and the best at several distances from six to 12 miles. He's the U.S. record holder at 43:50 for 15 kilometers (9.3 miles) and 46:0 for 10 miles. In 1979 he won 16 of the 22 major races he entered—including two billed as national championships—and never finished worse than third. For all of this, Lindsay was named Road Athlete of the Year by *Track & Field News*. So far in 1980, he has 14 victories in 18 starts.

It is a measure of Lindsay's dedication that one of his four 1980 losses was an absolute what-the-hell-am-I-doing-here disaster: the U.S. Olympic Trials 10,000-meter final in *continued*

Eugene, Ore. last June. Lindsay wheeled home ninth—his old nemesis, Craig Virgin, won—having had all his doers, windows and fenders blown off. The trouble with that race seemed to be that it was conducted inside a stadium—with no hills and hollows, no curbs, gutters, hanging Alredades or little old ladies spitzing the racers with garden hoses. This was only the second time in his life Lindsay had run a 10,000 on a track. The defeat came on a miserable rainy Tuesday evening. Five days later, on Sunday morning, Lindsay showed up at Portland, Ore. and won the Cascade Run Off, setting his U.S. 15-km. record. And that brings us back to the aforementioned ferocity.

If the other competitors were to look more closely, they'd figure this out. That isn't hostility Lindsay is giving off, it's competitiveness. It must be the body and forehead and jawline; inside, it turns out that Lindsay is really full of a sort of fierce joy. "I suddenly realize that I've given myself gooseflesh," he said before the start of the Cascade Run Off. "Look at this. Look at my arms—goose bumps on a hot day like this."

In action, Lindsay becomes even more revved up and a lot of vivid technicolor stuff plays through his mind—as happened this spring at the 15-km. Midland Run in Far Hills, N.J. Finest road-running field ever assembled, the experts said: Rodgers, Henry Rono, the steeplechase 3,000, 5,000 and 10,000 world-rec-

ord holder, plus Lasse Viren, gold medalist in both the 5,000 and 10,000 at the 1972 and '76 Olympics, and Dick Quax, a silver medalist at the 1976 Olympics in the 5,000. And suddenly, there was Lindsay, flying along this rolling highway, hipbone to hipbone with Viren. Everybody else was behind them. Lindsay had raced and beaten Viren before, but Lindsay also is an unannounced romantic. He kept stealing little sidelong glances at this celebrity, as one might size up Robert Redford at the next table in a restaurant. And then Viren began surging on him; that is, spurring ahead for spells, then slowing to a mere breakneck speed, trying to scrub Lindsay off along the side of the road. But Lindsay, delighting in the occasion, went surging right along.

"And tears came to my eyes," he says. Lindsay is honest about this memory, even though he's aware that there is a lot of Louisa May Alcott in it. "Here I was, side by side with this legendary runner, and, well, I suddenly realized that I was pressing my body to the limit—and my body was responding. And, I swear, a tear actually rolled down my cheek." Not that the sudden flood of emotion clouded his vision: Lindsay may be full of marshmallows, but he ain't dumb. He ultimately surged Viren to pieces and beat the Finn by some 40 meters, winning in 43:54.

This preoccupation with one's body—"I was pressing it to the limit"—and all that—is typical of most athletes, of course, but most pronounced among runners, and Lindsay is a great example. Runners regard their bodies in the abstract; in effect, standing off to one side and looking at them critically, or getting out and walking all around them to check on things. There is an intense awareness of every bodily nuance; runners lie awake at night listening to their little digestive gurgles and rumblings as one might listen to the wind in the trees or the house creaking. In

an interview before the 10,000 at the Trials, Lindsay earnestly tried to explain that, while being considered one of the favorites in the race was comforting, any number of possible bodily ailments could strike at the last moment. "Say that I develop a tiny gas bubble in a remote little coil in my lower intestine," he told Gary Burns of the *Boulder Daily Camera*. While the columnist was considering that awful possibility, Lindsay squirmed a bit, indicating that he could pinpoint the precise location of the offending blip. "Why, it could knock me right out of the race."

There is absolutely no narcissism in any of this: Lindsay and the others don't oil their torsos and lol about in front of full-length mirrors, admiring the sweep of their pectorals. Instead, Lindsay concentrates on, say, the action of his hip joints, figuring out whether the goo inside has heated up enough for him to shift gears. The more one hangs around Lindsay, the more sense it seems to make. If one came across Lindsay and associates on a plane, it would be no surprise to hear them say, "I'm taking my body out to Lynchburg, Va. to run a 10-miler," as if each of them were a chief mechanic of a marvelous racing machine. In fact, it is this single-minded concentration on the racing body that provides the connecting links in the life and fast times of Herb Lindsay.

One of his earliest memories is of bounding across an open field, supported between an older brother and sister, with his feet pedaling furiously but only occasionally touching the grass. Perhaps it was a case of psychological imprinting: they finally put the kid down, and he has been more or less on the run ever since. For one thing, Lindsay's early life in Grand Rapids and Reed City, Mich. wasn't just a childhood, it was a saga. First, he was the youngest of six. "There were three girls and two boys, and my mother was pregnant with me when my dad died in 1954," he says. Then Mrs. Lindsay married a man named Kaverman, a widower with five boys and one girl, and Lindsay went from being the sixth of six kids to the 12th of 12 and, later, the 12th of 15. "Our family reunions are pretty, um, entertaining," he says.

With platoons of hungry children on hand, there were certain realities a boy had to come to grips with. The Lindsay-Kavermans all lived in one big house in the country, and the clanging of an old



Terry helps keep Herb well fed with her pay as a dental assistant

schoolhouse bell was the call to supper. But when the sound of it rolled a half mile or so across the hills, "that meant that you were already late," Lindsay says, "and you'd have to wheel and sprint for home." Not just sprint, but hightail it. Open-field, run-for-the-porkchops records were set in those days that will never be broken.

By the time he was a senior at Reed City High, Lindsay was an official whiz at cross-country (the state champ in 1971 and '72), the two mile (a then state high school record 9:22) and the mile (4:24). He had also discovered that he is nearsighted, which accounted for the teammate running behind him at the cross-country meets yelling, "Bear left, Herb!" It also explains part of his ferocious look; Lindsay's still trying to get things into proper focus.

After weighing offers of track scholarships from several colleges, Lindsay settled on Michigan State, partly because the program looked pretty sound—and partly because a really great-looking girl friend went there. It later turned out that she was more interested in demonstrating against the Establishment than she was in Lindsay, but one must remember that there was a lot of that going around in those days.

But this jilting was more educational than heartbreaking. As a side effect of his natural earnestness, Lindsay wears something of a Rudolph Valentino look, which one hardly ever sees anymore. This is an inherent ability to lounge around not doing much of anything—and with nothing on your mind—all the while seeming to seethe passionately from deep-set eyes. Something in this, perhaps an implied promise of sexual mayhem, totally disarms women of all ages. If Lindsay ever learns how to flare his nostrils, he'll be unstoppable.

So with one girl off to the student ram-parts with sandals and hand-lettered signs, it wasn't long before Lindsay was going full blast at varsity track, indoors and out, and cross-country, and dating four coeds on alternate evenings. "It was insane," he says, meaning that it really wasn't too bad at all. Finally, he took the only course open to an athlete in serious training: he cut two of the girls.

Still, when Lindsay talks about his college years, there is a certain wistfulness in his voice: sure, he was a certified Big Ten track ace. But outside the confer-

ence, who knew? Who cared? On that circuit in those days, being Michigan State's big gun meant running an awful lot of anchor legs on four-mile relays (at a respectable 4:01 or so), galloping along just behind Craig Virgin of Illinois at cross-country meets and never getting in the mileage necessary to become a good distance man. There was a time when Lindsay held Spartan records at two miles (8:38.9), three miles (13:14), 3,000 meters (7:51.2) and 5,000 meters (13:52.2)—but he never got ink. And try this: "For a time at Michigan State, I was a contemporary of Magic Johnson," Lindsay says. "Occasionally we'd see each other in the gym. And now he's doing in his field what I'm doing in mine, and yet..." Lindsay lets that one hang there. "...if I walked up to him now and said hello, he wouldn't know me."

Chances are very good that Lindsay is right, but that is as sad as this story will get. After all, take away the 600 thou a year from the L.A. Lakers and the TV exposure and the celebrity and the fancy cars and the glittering wardrobe and the instant recognition, and what has Magic got? Can he outrun Virén at 15 km? Lindsay figures his turn will come in whatever modest spotlight is beamed on road racers, and he's ready to suffer the indignities of anonymity until it does. It doesn't occur to Lindsay that he'll ever become anything but a world-beater.

Besides, these are the good years. Lindsay now lives in Boulder, Colo. with his wife Terry. They have been married for 2½ years and have a modest new house on the outskirts of town, two Chevy Novas, two bicycles, cardboard boxes full of running shoes and a tight budget. He keeps in touch with his huge family through *The Lindsay Newsletter*, handwritten and duplicated for everyone. They have put off having children for now; Terry is a dental assistant, and Herb works for Frank Shorter Sports. The hours on his job are loose and adjusted to fit his training schedule. It is all part



Lindsay's job allows him to sneak out for plenty of training

of a grand plan in which Boulder will one day rule the world.

If one were to stand across the valley from Boulder and view the mountainside through binoculars at dawn or dusk, it would seem to be moving, as alive with scurrying things as an anthill is. Almost everybody runs in Boulder, and the very few who don't are glad to stand around with cans of Coors in hand and yell, "Way to go!" Boulder is perched at 5,350 feet, in thin, clean air that one can actually see through, and is said to be the perfect altitude for training for everything from distance running to the good life. Lindsay is more or less typical of the wave of running immigrants who've followed Shorter into town. "Consider this development," says Rich Casiro, coordinator of the Boulder-based Frank Shorter Racing Team. "In 1972, only 15

continued



At the Midland race in New Jersey, Lindsay defeated Viren, and was so awed "tears came to my eyes."

guys in the entire nation had done a 2:20 marathon. Two hours and 20 minutes was a sort of wall back then. But now, in 1980, I know of 17 guys in Boulder who've done that time or better."

While he has not yet run a full marathon, Lindsay works as hard as any top distance runner: 14 or more miles a day; an average of 103 miles a week so far in 1980; 2,055.5 miles by the end of June, 3,034.5 through last week. He's still young enough to believe that all this will somehow lead to a good living. And it well might, what with the very real prospect of a pro road-racing circuit. Or, if that doesn't pan out, at least someone will care about Lindsay's having made the effort. It works beautifully in Boulder; folks care in Boulder, but when Lindsay leaves the hills and appears at sea level, it goes something like this:

LINDSAY: Tell me, who do you think will win the race?

(This is a Lindsay personal poll, conducted by wandering through the crowd before the start of the Falmouth [Mass.] Road Race on Aug. 19, 1979.)

VARIOUS SPECTATORS: Umm, let's see. We'll take Craig Virgin. Or Bill Rodgers. Or, um, Greg Meyer.

LINDSAY: What about Herb Lindsay?

SPECTATORS: Herb... uh, who?

True story, Lindsay insists. What's more, with just a few hundred yards to go in the 7.1-mile race, the leaders were blasting past the Brothers Four Hotel, when yet another sideliners yelled, "Hey, there's Bill Rodgers!" But who's that fat

guy about to pass him?" The fat guy was our hero, as they say, beating Rodgers and finishing second to Virgin.

Or try this as an example of elusive celebrity:

The Catocin Mountain (Md.) Park Run, 10 kilometers over a very hilly course on Sept. 15, 1979. Does it ring a bell? Of course. That was the race in which Jimmy Carter, our President, did his famous elf fold, stirring great alarm followed by a lot of bad jokes. Correct. Now, then, here comes the hard part. Guess who won that race?

That was probably the low point. A week later Lindsay set a U.S. record in winning the Virginia 10-miler in 47:02, again beating Rodgers, not to mention such notables as 1976 Olympic bronze medalist at 10,000 meters, Brendan Foster of Great Britain, Viren and Shorter. And the week after that, he won the national 10-km. title, more formally known as the Diet Pepsi National AAU Road Racing Championships, at Purchase, N.Y. And this time he smoked all the all-stars, including archrival Virgin.

Well, then. Considering his lack of recognition, Lindsay's semi-mean and forbidding look makes sense. No wonder he crackles with messages. Until recently, Lindsay was a member of the Frank Shorter Racing Team. In training sessions, Rich Castro would yell, "Hey, guys, you're all lookin' good." And then he'd spot Lindsay, jawline all locked up, and shout, "Hey, Herb, relax your face!"

"I know, I know," says Lindsay. He

sprawls in the grass, taking a break, squinting a bit and looking young and terribly vulnerable without his glasses. "I have this tendency to tighten my neck and it makes me look sinister. My high school coach, Dave Goodell, called it rigor mortis. I'd come whomping past him in a race and he'd scream, 'Don't rig on me!' And then, as if that wasn't bad enough, I looked like most runners for years, but suddenly I matured. Everybody said, 'Oh, oh, Herb's filling out. It's all over.'"

Not necessarily, says Shorter, who is 32 and looks back across the years at Lindsay in a gruff, almost big-brotherly way. "Herb has compensated for his bulk by working harder," Shorter says. "In the Virginia 10-miler—which I told him he'd win—Herb demonstrated he's very good at running close to his abilities. He can maximize what he's got." Indeed, Shorter gets a bit snappish over repeated references to Lindsay's heft. "After all, Emil Zatopek was no waif, you know," he says. "And Russia's Vladimir Kuts was built a lot like Lindsay. And Bill Baillie of New Zealand—he looked like a tree trunk. I guess it's just that people tend to remember the slim look, that's all."

Fair enough. Lindsay has plenty of problems and personal goals without folks picking on him for his size. Here's the plan: he'll keep running forever, perhaps cutting some events here and adding some there. He has run 20 kilometers in an excellent 60:27, and last October he ran unofficially in the Americas Marathon in Chicago. He stopped after 25 miles, having worked his way up to 12th place, in order to honor an appointment he had made with an old friend. This test convinced Lindsay that when he does run a marathon, he may be able to kick it home in something under 2:11.13, the record, held by Quax, for a first marathon. "Knowing my body as I do, I imagine I'll mature as a runner at about 31," Lindsay says.

But he'll no doubt still be transmitting his message. Not long ago, before one of those mass workouts in Boulder, the gang was getting ready to set out. There was a lot of thigh-shaking and jiggling. And then, suddenly, without warning, that look came over Lindsay. He radiated tension, jaw set and eyes shaded beneath his brow. The other guys were used to this. One of them turned and asked, "Has anybody got Herb's leash?"

END

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Every time Relief Pitcher Rich (Goose) Gossage steps out of the Yankees' pinstriped bullpen car, the New York fans greet him with a fence-rattling ovation. Cranked up by the noise of the crowd and the pressure of the situation, Gossage goes right to work, winning through intimidation. At 6' 3", 217 pounds, he takes a slump-shouldered Incredible Hulk stance on the mound and scowls at the hitter. Then he uncorks a 95-100-mph fastball that baffles the batters, even though they're fully expecting it. After fanning on three of Gossage's hard ones last week, the Blue Jays' Doug Ault swore the first had dropped, the second had broken to the outside and the third had risen.

Gossage is having an outstanding year—a 6-1 record with a 1.79 earned run average and 30 saves attest to that—but his work down the stretch has been even better. If the first-place Yankees hold off Baltimore and win their fourth American League East title in the last five years, Gossage will be the main reason.

In his 10 outings this month, through last Sunday, Gossage had carried an exhausted and ailing team from a 1½-game lead on Sept. 3 to a more comfortable four-game margin. He did it by finishing one victory that wasn't close enough for him to get a save, winning one game himself and saving eight others. In his finest performance, Gossage entered the eighth inning of a Sept. 6 game against California with nobody out, Rod Carew dancing off third and the Yankees leading 5-4. Gossage struck out Carney Lunsford and retired Dan Ford and Jason Thompson on weak flies. Pumped up now, Goose struck out the side in the ninth.

Gossage seems indefatigable when he pitches, throwing up one blazer after another, but even he has his limits. He woke up so tired on Sept. 13 after working six times in eight days that he couldn't lift his right arm. But he's fine now; witness his performances last week when he threw 2½ innings of one-hit ball to preserve a 5-4 win against Toronto and completed the last two innings of both Luis



He's the golden Goose

As his 30 saves, 6-1 record and 1.79 ERA suggest, Relief Pitcher Rich Gossage almost never lays an egg, which is a big reason the Yankees are leading their division

Tiant's 2-1 and Ron Guidry's 3-0 triumphs over Boston. Explaining why he hadn't ordered a sacrifice bunt in the ninth inning of the Tiant game, Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer said, "I ain't bunting off a guy throwing at 100 mph."

And that is hardly Gossage's most impressive number. Get a load of these stats: At the conclusion of last weekend, Gossage hadn't given up a run in his last 18 games, allowing just nine hits and retir-

ing 83 of 99 batters. He had an 0.83 ERA over his last 40 games. Between Aug. 29 and Sept. 10 he retired 28 consecutive batters, in effect, a perfect game plus one. He had more strikeouts (94) than innings pitched (90½). He had gotten a save in 30 of 32 possible save situations.

"But his most impressive statistic," said New York Manager Dick Howser last week, "is that he's walked only six batters in his last 31½ innings. That's

continued

amazing for a fastball pitcher and important for anyone. He's always ahead on the count. If you fall behind a batter, you have to start thinking about strikes and you pitch too carefully."

"The hitters might as well be 0-2 before they get in the batter's box," admits Gossage, a modest fellow, speaking more in wonderment than conceit. Adds Yankee Catcher Rick Cerone, "I just set up behind the middle of the plate, put down the numbers and let him throw. We don't start thinking until we get ahead. Then maybe we'll go up and in, or outside, or throw a slider."

Or, just as likely, call for another down-the-middle fastball, which almost never stays down the middle. "It starts at the buckle and winds up letter-high or higher," says Gossage. "It happens too fast for the hitter. There isn't time for the brain to tell the body to lay off. I tell you," he says, smiling. "I don't give myself enough credit."

No, he doesn't. "I've only seen two lefthanded hitters pull homers off him this year," says teammate Bob Watson. "And Goose is even tougher on right-handers, because he hides the ball and comes from a three-quarters motion. It's scary." All the more so because, as the old Yankee shortstop, broadcaster Tony Kubek, points out, Gossage has enough "premeditated wildness" in him to keep hitters on their toes.

His extraordinary personal record and the championship the Yankees are likely to clinch next week are both vindication of sorts for Gossage. Last year he missed 12 weeks with a thumb injury suffered in an April 19 fight with teammate Cliff Johnson. By the time he returned, the Yankees had fallen out of the race, and Gossage holds himself solely responsible for his team's failure to catch the Orioles. "If I'd been there, we'd have been knocking on Baltimore's door," he says. "I had a winter to think about that. I wanted 1980 to be the best year I'd ever had."

It has been, largely thanks to Gossage's ability to psych himself up for big games. "I'm like Reggie," he says, gritting his teeth. "I get a rush, a natural high. The last time we were in Kansas City (July 25-27), I said to myself, 'They've been beating us; now it's time somebody made them pay.'" Gossage was that somebody, going 435 innings to defeat the Royals 5-4. "The night in Baltimore when we

felt we had to win because we'd lost four straight to them, I pitched like, hey, this was it." He struck out five men in 215 innings, saving Tommy John's 4-3 win.

Let's we forget, Gossage has always been at his best in close races. In 1978 he saved the playoff game with Boston, the league-championship clincher over the Royals and the Series finale against the Dodgers. The Red Sox game was a watershed, Gossage says, because it was the one in which he began to relish pitching under supreme pressure. "I was facing Carl Yastrzemski for the final out when it occurred to me that the worst thing that could happen was that I'd be in the Colorado mountains the next day. A real calm came over me."

Gossage has reached baseball's heights despite a boyhood that resembled a Rocky Mountain low. His father, Jack, a Colorado coal miner and landscaper, died when Gossage was in high school, and his mother was disabled by a hip injury. "But I was always taken care of," Gossage says. "Even if my family didn't have enough money for food, they'd buy me baseball spikes." The investment began to pay off when the White Sox signed him in 1970. In addition to giving him an \$8,000 bonus, scout Bill Kimball decided Gossage's name then, Rick, wasn't "major league" enough and renamed him Rich. His other nickname came about when White Sox teammate Tom Bradley shortened Goss to Goss and then extended Goss to Goose.

Yankee Shortstop Bucky Dent, who roomed with Gossage when they played Class-A ball together in Appleton, Wis. in 1970, says Gossage has remained much the same as he was then: round-faced, friendly, beer-drinking. "The two of us and Terry Foster, who's now with the Dodgers, roomed together," says Dent. "We had one car, a '63 Chevy, I think, one blanket and one sheet. We'd sleep huddled together in front of an air-conditioner. We were young kids then, so there wasn't much to do except play ball and drink beer. Rich didn't mind a bit." Nor has he been changed by a distinguished nine-year major league career: he is put off when old friends, intimidated by his celebrity and six-year, \$2.75 million contract, are afraid to approach him. "He's the same guy," says Dent, "except looser." That's good news for the Yankee faithful. They all go home happy when the Goose is loose.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 14-20)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

AL EAST

"The game's not over until it's over." As Yogi Berra, the man given credit for that profound statement, stood in the Yankee Stadium dugout and watched a game between New York (4-2) and Toronto (2-4), Earl Weaver sat in his office in Baltimore listening to a radio broadcast of the same game. His Orioles (4-2), six games behind the Yankees, needed help from the Jays, who were leading 5-3 with two outs in the top of the 10th when the game was suspended by rain. Weaver drove home with a smile on his face. Surely, he thought, Toronto would hold its lead when play resumed the following evening. In fact, the Blue Jays added two more runs for a 7-3 advantage, but before Toronto could get three outs in the bottom of the 10th, the Yankees scored four times and finally won the game 13 innings and 25 hours after it had started. Weaver did get help when the Jays won the scheduled game, 2-1, on a two-bitter by Luis Leal and again on the weekend, when they lost twice to the Orioles. When the Yankees finally lost to Boston, 4-1 on Saturday, after having beaten them eight straight times, the O's were within four.

Red Sox (3-3) fans cheered their spectacular rookie Second Baseman Dave Stapleton, who doubled twice and singled three times in a 5-for-5 performance that helped beat the Indians 9-5. For the week, he went 13 for 27, including four doubles, to raise his average to .324.

Larry Sorensen of the Brewers (5-2) beat the Twins 5-0 on a six-hitter and Bob McClure won his third game in four starts—4-0 over Seattle—since he ended his string of 212 consecutive relief appearances on Sept. 1.

Miguel Dilone of the Indians (3-4), batting .343, stole his 55th base, a club record. Steve Kemp of Detroit (3-4) had three hits, including a home run, and four RBIs in an 8-3 victory over Baltimore on Tuesday. He threw out a runner at the plate to preserve a win over Cleveland on Friday, and he hit a grand slam and a triple to drive in six runs, as the Tigers beat Cleveland 13-3 on Saturday.

NY 94-54 BAL 90-58 MIL 61-69 BOS 78-67
DET 76-72 CLEV 74-73 TOR 62-86

AL WEST It didn't look like much of a celebration. Oh, sure, there was the perfunctory champagne, but when the Royals (4-2) clinched the division title, the mood in the clubhouse was subdued. They had been there before, three times in four years, only to lose to the Yankees in the

playoffs. "Nobody's going to get super-pumped until we win the pennant," said Catcher Durrell Porter. The Royals wrapped up the title in the opener of a doubleheader with California. The defending-champion Angels, in sixth place, 30 games back, won the second game 7-4, despite the return of George Brett, who briefly lifted his average to .401 before falling back to .396 at week's end.

The Angels (4-2) beat Texas three times, and that wasn't the only bad news for the Rangers (2-5). "We've got nine guys who just do their own thing," complained Centerfielder Mickey Rivers. "Some days we just step on the field and know we're going to lose." Rivers has done his part, though. He set a club record for hits—204—while raising his batting average to .331, his highest ever.

Every manager should have a player like Mickey Klutts. Losing 2-0 with a man on in the top of the ninth against Texas, Manager Billy Martin of the A's (3-4) instructed Klutts to "take it out of here." "O.K.," answered the dutiful third baseman. "I always say, 'O.K.'," he told reporters afterward. True to his word, Klutts hit a slider over the fence to send the game into extra innings. The A's won 4-2 in the 11th to give Mike Norris his 20th win and his 21st complete game.

Before a 20-minute power failure put the lights out at Milwaukee County Stadium, Jerry Kosman of the Twins (4-2) had given up two runs and five hits in the first 3½ innings of the game. Under cover of darkness, Kos searched for his fastball and evidently found it. After play resumed, he struck out five while allowing no runs and only three more hits en route to a 3-2 defeat of the Brewers. In the second game of the doubleheader, Rob Wilfong got his first major league grand slam to help complete the sweep, 6-1. But the Twins lost a pair to Milwaukee the following day, even though rookie Gary Ward hit for the cycle in the first game.

The White Sox (2-4) beat only Seattle, 2-1 and 5-4, Chet Lemon scoring the winning run in both victories.

"There's a cancer on the club, and it's at work full force," said Manager Maury Wills of the Mariners (2-5). Wills said he planned to cure the disease—as many as 10 players who he said have a "100-day" attitude—by the start of next season. Player reaction was anything but benign. Infielder Bill Sien, one of those accused, bristled. "He asked me how my hand was. It's my back that's hurt. He doesn't even know what's wrong with me."

KC 82-57 OAK 75-75 TEX 71-77 MINN 66-82
CH 62-84 CAL 61-86 SEA 53-85

NL WEST

"This is the reason you do those two extra push-ups in spring training, so you can be in top shape for the last few weeks when the pressure is great," said Astro Second Baseman

Joe Morgan, a veteran of five divisional championships with the Reds. And the pressure was great. For the second straight week, the Astros (3-4) and Dodgers remained tied for first place, while Cincinnati closed to within 3½ games. Morgan helped beat his former teammates with a two-run homer and the game-winning RBI in a 10-2 romp at Riverfront Stadium after the Reds had won the day before. Houston also lost to last-place San Diego 6-3 and 4-3, and to fifth-place San Francisco 4-3. When Joquin Andujar lost to the Giants 4-3, despite allowing only one earned run on three hits, he simply said, "That's baseball."

The Padres (4-3) weren't lying down for anyone, they beat Houston and Atlanta twice each and won their ninth straight at home. "We know we're in last place, but we still want to win," said Leftfielder Gene Richards.

The Dodgers (3-4) began the week by completing a three-game sweep of the Reds at Riverfront Stadium. Jerry Reuss, who was 11-1 against pennant contenders this season and 4-0 against the Reds, pitched a five-inning to win 3-1. But back home, the Dodgers lost to the Reds twice, as Reuss was bombed for eight runs in two innings in one game and Tom Seaver beat L.A. 10-2 in the other. In a 2-1 victory over the Padres, rookie Steve Howe earned his 17th save, and rookie Infielder Jack Perconte, making his first major league start, walked, stole second, scored a run and drove in the game-winner with a bunt single. "The kids have made the difference this year," said Don Sutton. "They come here confident, almost arrogant, but not cocky and not unwilling to learn."

The Reds (4-3) got grand slams from Johnny Bench, who hit his second of the season against the Dodgers, and Ray Knight. "I love being in a situation where you're either a hero or a goat," said Knight.

Speaking of goats, Rennie Stennett of the Giants (3-4) blamed Manager Dave Bristol for his team's deficiencies. "He's a big phony," said the second baseman. "He's jealous of the money I'm making, because he never did anything as a player." Stennett, who has a bad leg and a \$3 million contract, is batting .246 and has been painful in the pivot.

The Atlanta Braves (4-3) kept their slim title hopes alive, as Jerry Royster got 11 hits in 14 at bats and stroked the game-winning RBIs in a 4-3 win over the Padres and a 2-1 defeat of L.A. Other Brave heroes were: Rick Camp, who won one game and got two saves; Chris Chambliss, who got a two-run homer to beat San Francisco 2-1; and Phil Niekro, who won his seventh straight game in his 500th major league start. "I guarantee you, everyone on this club thinks we still have a shot at first," said Niekro.

HOUS 84-64 LA 84-64 CIN 81-68 ATL 77-71
SF 70-78 SD 66-83

NL EAST

Mookie and Wally may sound like a couple of characters in *Leave It to Beaver*, but actually they're the new one-two punch of the Mets (3-3). "The kids," as 25-year-old veteran Lee Mazzilli calls them, are Walter Wayne (Wally) Backman and William Hayward (Mookie) Wilson. (One story has it that Mookie got his nickname from his grandmother because he couldn't say "milk.") In 17 games since coming up from the minors on Sept. 2, Wally has hit .339 with nine RBIs and Mookie is batting .296 with four doubles, three triples, five stolen bases and 13 runs. In the Mets' three wins last week—against the Cubs, Expos and Pirates—Wilson and Backman got 15 hits, including two doubles and two triples, and scored 11 runs.

In losing to the Mets, the Pirates (2-3) looked as sickly as their ace reliever, Kent Te-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GARY WARD: On Sept. 14, a day after being called up from the minors, the Minnesota leftfielder singled, doubled and tripled. Then, in his fourth major league game, he hit for the cycle. For the week Ward, 26, batted .615

luxe, who has lost 10 pounds from his slinky—usually 170-pound—6' 4" frame because of a virus. Jim Bibby, 17-5, beat the Phils 3-2, allowing only two hits in eight innings. "He's been their Steve Carlton all year," said Manager Dallas Green of the Phillies (3-2). Green's own Steve Carlton worked the following evening but needed relief from Tug McGraw, who got his second win of the year, both against Pittsburgh. McGraw called himself the Pirate MVP last year, because his ERA against Pittsburgh was 12.00. Rookie Marty Bystrom won twice and is now 3-0.

The Expos' prize rookie, Bill Gullickson, tossed a three-hitter to beat the Pirates 4-0. Gullickson, a diabetic, began to feel dizzy during the second inning of the game in Montreal, but a candy bar, a soft drink and bites of a sandwich gave him strength to continue. "From then on, it was the Pirates who were dizzy," said Montreal (4-2) Manager Dick Williams as Gullickson won his third game.

The Cardinals (3-3) beat the Cubs (2-4) twice at Wrigley Field. Cubs Manager Joey Amalfitano used 20 players in a 4-3 victory over Philadelphia but complained afterward that he had only one non-pitcher left. Of course, he would have had more had the Cubs expanded their roster to 40 men on Sept. 1 as the rules allow. Maybe the Cubs are short of funds, which might explain why owner William Wrigley raised the wholesale price of some of its chewing gum on Sept. 2.

MONT 82-66 PHIL 80-67 PITT 77-71
ST. L 67-81 NY 89-85 CHI 57-90

The sons have also risen

Dartmouth Quarterback Jeff Kemp (left) and Receiver Dave Shula, offspring of famous dads Jack and Don, are proving they are chips off the old block and tackle

Not bad, huh, for a couple of young squirts? Good thing we taught them so well." The speaker was Jack Kemp, the former Buffalo Bills quarterback (1962-69) who is now a Republican Congressman from New York. The "we" consisted of Kemp, his wife Joanne and Dorothy Shula, wife of the Miami Dolphins' coach. There they were last Saturday afternoon, down on the 45-yard line at Memorial Field in Hanover, N.H. just

minutes after Dartmouth had closed out a 40-7 opening-game triumph over Pennsylvania.

Oh, yes. The young squirts Kemp mentioned are his 21-year-old son Jeff, the Dartmouth quarterback and the No. 1 Ivy League passer last season, and the Shulas' son Dave, also 21, a split end who holds just about every Big Green pass-receiving record. Playing only a bit more than a half against the Quakers, Jeff hit 18 of 25 passes for 195 yards and one touchdown. He also ran one yard for a score. Dave caught only two passes, for 30 yards. A third, good for 16, was called back because of holding. But with Shula double-teamed most of the time, Kemp was able to hit his secondary receivers, often in an area just vacated by Shula.

The result was Kemp's finest performance as a college player. He is a 6-foot, 206-pound senior who runs the 40 in 4.7. And his arm? Well, Dartmouth Coach Joe Yukica rates Kemp up there with the strongest throwers he has ever coached. That would include former Buffalo Bill Gary Marangi and Washington Redskins Mike Kruczek, whom Yukica coached at Boston College.

Unlike Shula, who was raised on the Dolphin sidelines, Kemp spent little time around pro players in his youth. When Jack Kemp led Buffalo to its second straight AFL championship in 1965, Jeff was six. By the time Jeff was 10, his father had retired

Oh, Jeff did sit in on a few Bills' practices, and he remembers Cookie Gilchrist or Ed Rutkowski or somebody hoisting him up on a shoulder pad. "But Elbert Dubenion never asked me to play catch," he says. Mostly, Jeff watched from the stands, like everybody else. And not all his memories of his spectating days are bright. "One time there had to be 60,000 people in the stadium," he recalls. "And 59,998 of them were screaming, 'We want Lamonica!'"

At Winston Churchill High in Bethesda, Md., Jeff was a reserve until his senior year, when he led Churchill to the state AA championship. But the offense was a wishbone, and Kemp mainly ran with the ball. Small wonder he wasn't much of a passer when he arrived at Dartmouth. On the 1977 freshman team he was second-string behind a fellow named Joe McLaughlin. The next fall, on the varsity depth chart, he was listed behind Larry Margerum, and Margerum was behind Buddy Teevens, a marvelous thrower who ended up setting virtually all of Dartmouth's single-season passing records. So in 1978 Kemp didn't play a down. And even though he began last season as Dartmouth's No. 1 quarterback, it was partly because McLaughlin had wrenched an ankle and had missed a lot of practice.

Kemp wasn't an overnight sensation. Dartmouth scored 37 points in its first six 1979 games, of which the Big Green won one. In a 3-0 loss to Yale, Dartmouth gained all of 106 yards. Key linemen were injured. Kemp had trouble reading defenses. And Dartmouth's passing game was half drop-back and half sprint-out, and Kemp did miserably dropping back. His throwing style now is almost classic overhand, but last year he threw sidearm, which only compounded his difficulties. Gradually, Yukica drifted away from the drop-back. Soon 80% to 90% of Kemp's passes were sprint-outs. The line got healthy, Kemp came around, and Dartmouth won its last three games, including a 24-10 triumph over Brown that knocked the Bruins out of an Ivy co-championship.

"Jeff is now reading defenses well,

continued



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picking out receivers well and setting up line," Yuliska says. "Everything he can do should surface this season. Believe me, he could do what Teevens did."

Unlike Kemp, Shula, also a senior, has been a starter since his sophomore year, when he caught 49 passes, a Dartmouth single-season record. Last season he set school career receiving marks for catches (81) and yards (1,864). He's 5' 11" and 183 pounds, and as Yuliska says, "When a ball hits his hands, all you hear is flit." Dartmouth Tight End Mike Lempreys says that in a recent practice Shula dropped a pass that was right in his grasp and a few players applauded, as if they had seen something special.

Shula grew up around the Dolphins, serving as ballboy, waterboy and all-around gofer. During games, he used to chart plays for an offensive coach. But what he liked most was running patterns alongside such receivers as Paul Warfield, Nat Moore and Howard Twilley and catching passes from Earl Morrall and Bob Griese.

Shula made himself a receiver. To help develop soft hands, he would palm a football, let it drop a few inches, snare it, drop it and snare it again. Then he'd close his eyes, drop it and snare it. Twilley taught him the subtleties of running patterns. For instance, there's the head fake. A split second before making a cut, the receiver should tilt back his head and thrust out his hands, leading the defender to think the ball's on its way. The defender looks up and the receiver cuts away from him. Shula wrote down that tip—and a lot of others. "Guys like Warfield are so fast they'd get open, but without knowing how," Shula says. "Twilley was slow, but he knew exactly how he did things."

Shula is also a connoisseur of drills. Two years ago at the Dolphin camp, he came across a receiver training film created by former Colt Raymond Berry. Shula brought a print back to Dartmouth, and Yuliska has added the drills to Big Green practices. For example, a quarterback throws a pass to a receiver whose back is turned. The quarterback yells, and the receiver turns and catches the ball a split second before it smacks him in the head. "It teaches your hands to catch a ball that your eyes don't really have enough time to see," Shula says.

Shula's shortcoming is speed. A 4.9 is his best time in the 40, making him the slowest among all the players who carry

the ball for Dartmouth. But if it weren't for Shula's speed—or lack of it—he probably wouldn't be a Big Green player. In high school he was recruited heavily in Florida, and he signed a sectional letter of intent with Florida State. But his relative slowness afoot had him worried. At Shula's request, an assistant coach of his team at Chaminade High in Hollywood, Fla., sent an unlabeled film of Shula to some friends at Penn State and asked them their opinion. The reply was: "Could be a dark horse, but he might do better at a smaller school." Soon afterward, Shula signed on with Dartmouth. And what if he were 6' 2", and 198 pounds with 4.5 speed? "No question," Shula says. "I'd have gone to Notre Dame."

Still, he hopes to play football. One night last summer he was sitting with his dad on a patio of the family home in Miami Lakes. Don had been talking negatively about a rookie receiver who, he mentioned, had done "only" a 4.75 in the 40. "Well, why should I even bother?" Dave asked. "Who's ever going to give me a look?"

"Somebody will," Don replied. "You've proven you can catch the ball. You've consistently gotten open. Folks will always call you slow. And you'll always have competition from somebody faster. But if you work hard."

Dave has always asked his father questions about football. "He was happy that I was so fascinated by the thing he did for a living," Dave says. "A lot of nights after dinner I'd take out one of his diagram pads to draw up plays and pass routes. He taught me a million things." Not so Jeff Kemp. Jack Kemp was always interested in Jeff's football, but other than teaching him such basics as the proper way to grip the ball, he seldom spoke of specifics.

"We talk a lot," Jeff says, "but usually what he wants to know is whether my state of mind is positive. He talks about having a sense of destiny. He says, 'Work hard, hang in there and your chance will come.' Or he'll say something like, 'In bed at night, do you visualize yourself out there. I mean really close your eyes and see yourself quarterbacking the team, play-by-play, going down the field?' Once I told him, 'Yeah, Dad, but along about the second quarter I fell asleep.'"

Off the field, Shula and Kemp are members of the same fraternity, Beta

Theta Pi, and they're cut pretty much from the same cloth. Last winter, as part of a work-study program, they took jobs in Washington, D.C. and shared an apartment in Alexandria, Va. Shula, a history major, worked as a research assistant on the House Banking, Finance and Urban Affairs Committee under Congressman Bill Stanton of Ohio, a longtime friend of the Shula family. Stanton also helped Kemp get work at the American Bankers Association.

Kemp kids Shula about his over-achieving, about always coming up with another new drill. Shula thinks Kemp is innately smarter than he is, a more gifted athlete, but a guy who could work a little bit harder. He kids Kemp about the sloppy way he keeps his room. Just before leaving for Washington, Shula went to Kemp's room and found him asleep with about four layers of clothing covering the floor wall-to-wall. Five minutes later, Kemp was up, packed and down in the lobby. "How'd you pack so fast?" Shula asked. "Easy," said Kemp. "I drew a line down the middle of the room. All the clothes on the side by the window. I left for my roommate."

Kemp thinks he's as driven as Shula but more relaxed. Oh, sure. Last Thursday night in Hanover's 5 Olds Nugget Alley, Shula sat in a back room, head bent over a piece of paper, drawing pass routes. Kemp was out front near the bar, talking with a coed. He was telling her about how his roommate just got a pilot's license and about how tomorrow morning they were going to rent a Cessna, take it up and buzz the campus. Which they did.

Kemp and Shula also differ in their opinions of what it's like to be the son of a famous father. "I hope people respect me for being Dave, not Don's son," Shula has said. He remembers, not so fondly, a moment after one game when the Dartmouth athletic director came up to him, stuck out his hand and said, "Great game. Congratulations, Don!" Kemp, however, never ceases to be impressed by his father. "The man's incredible," he says. "I'm proud when people call me his son."

Early in the Penn game Jeff took a snap, sprinted out to his right and ducked under an onrushing linebacker. Then, spotting Lempreys cutting across the field, he rifled an eight-yard pass. Bull's-eye! Up in Section 6, Jack turned toward an- other spectator, nodded his head in ap-

continued

"If all you do is sit and read,
all you get is smart and soft."

Scott Carpenter



(On May 24, 1962, astronaut Scott Carpenter orbited the earth 3 times in his Aurora 7 spacecraft. As a member of Project Mercury, he helped pioneer the landing of a man on the moon. Today, he is a lecturer and consulting engineer on oceanography and energy research.)

Q. What have you got against reading?

A. Nothing. But it's too much like what most of us do for a living. To get the most out of life, we need a change of pace. We have to escape from earth once in a while.

Q. And skiing's your escape?

A. Definitely. It's like being in another world. Nothing elates me, both mentally and physically, the way skiing does. Scuba diving is also a great getaway for me, but, unfortunately, I don't get to do it as much as I'd like.

Q. What about off-season?

A. When I can't ski, I play tennis. It's a challenge and a lot of fun, which gives me the incentive I need to keep active. And regardless of the season, I do the Canadian 5 BX exercises every day.

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Q. Is there hope for us sedentary citizens?

A. Of course. Only if you get off your chair. Don't just sit there, do something. Combine a simple exercise program with a sport you really like. Before long, you'll not only have better muscle tone, but your mental tone will improve, too. For me, it's the only way to live.

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proval and pointed to his right biceps. "Strong arm," he said. "He's faster, too, than I ever was." Jack watched each play intensely, now and then rolling his eyes skyward or clapping briskly like a hot-handed quarterback breaking out of a huddle. In Washington, Kemp might indeed sit on the Defense Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, but at Dartmouth he stands—especially when the Big Green is on offense. Last fall he and Joanne attended all nine Dartmouth games. This year they plan to see them all, too—except the William and Mary game, which falls on the same day as parents weekend at Miami of Ohio, where their oldest daughter, Jennifer, is a freshman. "I want my kids to play football," Kemp says. "I want them to get knocked down and to pick themselves up again; to get booed and cheered. And I want to be there to see it."

So does Dorothy Szula. And probably Don, even though he has yet to see a Dartmouth game. Films, yes. Live, no. One weekend last October, Dartmouth and the Dolphins were both in Boston, the Big Green to play Harvard, Miami to face New England. Don made arrangements to be flown by helicopter that Saturday from a Dolphin practice in Foxboro to the game at Harvard Stadium, in case the workout began and finished early. In the end, he had to stick it out in Foxboro. "He's a very schedule-conscious guy," Dave says. "I understood. If a player of his asked to leave practice for a similar reason, I'm sure he'd say so. The head man must teach by example."

THE WEEK

by JIM KAPLAN

MIDWEST In 1887 a group of Michigan students visited Notre Dame to introduce a new game, football. Over the years, Michigan returned to South Bend five more times, never losing. But last week the Wolverine win streak finally ended. To the amazement of both the Michigan players and 59,075 fans at Notre Dame Stadium, left-footed placekicker Harty Oliver booted the longest field goal of his career, a 51-yarder against the wind, on the last play of the game to give the Irish a 29-27 victory. "I prayed, oh, how I prayed," Oliver said. "I kept reminding myself, 'Point your toe, point your toe.'"

His dramatic kick ended a topsy-turvy

game that both teams had seemingly won at one point or another. Overcoming a 14-0 deficit, Michigan took a 21-14 lead when Anthony Carter returned the second-half kickoff 67 yards and Sean Edwards scored from the 2. That lead stood up until Notre Dame's John Krimm scored on a 49-yard interception return and, with three minutes left in the game, Phil Carter added another touchdown on a four-yard run. The score: N.D. 26, Michigan 21. But then Wolverine Running Back Butch Woolfolk scampered 37 yards to the Notre Dame four and, with 0:41 to go, tipped a John Wampler pass into the hands of Tight End Craig Dumway for a one-yard TD. Michigan led 27-26. Whereupon the Irish unveiled a shotgun formation, freshman Blair Kiel throwing, and drove to the Michigan 34 on two completions and an interference penalty. With four seconds showing on the clock, Oliver kicked the game-winner.

Nebraska's Jarvis Redwine raced 69 yards to score on his first carry and left in the middle of the third period with 153 yards rushing as Nebraska whipped Iowa 57-0. The Cornhuskers outgained the Hawkeyes 565-163, and outthought them, too. Anticipating a wide rush from the Iowa ends, Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne inserted an off-tackle option play. Using it, his four quarterbacks gained 112 yards and scored twice. "They picked us apart like a chicken with their audibles," said Iowa Coach Hayden Fry. Missouri was also finger-lickin' good, fensing on Illinois 52-7. Safety Kevin Potter had six tackles, caused a fumble and broke up a pass, and James Wilder ran for 105 yards.

Frustrated by a gusting 35-mph wind in Lawrence, Kans., Pitt's Rick Ryan got off punts of 19, 16 and 27 yards in the first quarter, enabling the Jayhawks to take a 3-0 lead on Bruce Kallmeyer's 25-yard field goal. When the sides changed, however, it was Kansas that got blown out. The Panthers' Dave Trout tied the score with a 21-yard field goal, and Dan Marano completed 17 of 38 passes for 240 yards and two touchdowns. Final score: Pitt 18, Kansas 3.

Minnesota controlled the half eight minutes longer than Ohio State, ran off 18 more plays and got three more first downs. Unfortunately, the Gophers also dominated the turnover statistics 7-1, had one punt blocked and had another aborted when the punter's knee touched down on the Minnesota 10. Vladi Jankovski had four field goals and five conversions for 17 points to lead the Buckeyes to a 47-0 win. Jim McMahon contributed to all the BYU scoring, throwing for three scores and running for one as the Cougars beat Wisconsin 28-3.

The Iowa State game ball went to Defensive Coordinator Larry Coyer. Why? Because Coyer collected passing data on San Jose State Quarterback Steve Clarkson and fed it into a computer. The computer advised Coyer to keep Clarkson guessing. "We played three,

four and five-man lines, sometimes used five backs and moved around, never showing him the same defense," Coyer said. Clarkson completed only 16 of 55 passes and had three interceptions. Linebacker Mark Carlson ran one of them back for Iowa State's first score, and the Cyclones went on to win 27-6.

UCLA put a fake punt to good use in a 23-14 win over Purdue. Leading 10-7 in the second quarter, the Bruins lined up in punt formation at the Purdue 39. But instead of hiking the ball to Punter Matt Farland, Center Dan Dufour strapped to Safety Kenny Easley, who was in as a blocker for Farland. Easley raced to the Purdue 14. The play set up the second of Norm Johnson's three field goals, a 24-yarder.

OHIO STATE (2-0)
NEBRASKA (2-0) OKLAHOMA (1-0)

WEST Arizona State controlled the ball for only 20 of the 60 minutes but dominated the scoring in a 42-14 win over Oregon State. The Sun Devil offense made quick work of it, putting together brisk scoring drives of 80, 69, and 71 yards. Mike Pagel completed 12 of 20 passes for 134 yards, including a scoring pass to John Mislter, while Willie Gittens, with three touchdowns, and Gerald Rags, who ran 87 yards, kept the ground game going. But it was a stalwart defense that had Arizona State Coach Darrell Rogers gloating. Led by Linebacker Vernon Maxwell, who ran an interception back 58 yards for a TD, the defenders bottled up OSU's veer. Only Tony Robinson, who rushed for his weight (118) in yards, made much headway for the Beavers. "A classic example of bend but don't break," said Rogers.

Freshman Jon Poole kicked a 29-yard field goal with six seconds left to give 14-point underdog Colorado State a 15-13 victory over Arizona and speed Coach Larry Smith's home debut. Trailing 13-6 with 2:41 left, the Rams' national passing leader, Steve Fairchild, who hit 30 of 50 throws for 330 yards in the evening, engineered a 49-yard scoring drive, which took 1:38, but State missed a two-point conversion and trailed 13-12. So the Rams successfully executed an onside kick and recovered at the Wildcats' 48. Fairchild moved Colorado State to the Arizona 13 on three plays, setting up Poole's third field goal.

"Our defense did a great job in stopping George Rogers," said Southern Cal Coach John Robinson. Stopping George Rogers? The South Carolina back had his 13th consecutive 100-yard game, gaining 141 yards in 26 carries. But Robinson wasn't kidding. Using as many as eight men on the line, the Trojans had held Rogers to 65 yards after three periods. By that time, capitalizing on Dennis Edwards' fumble recovery and Dennis Smith's interception, Southern Cal had built up a 23-6 lead. So Rogers' fourth-quarter stats and touchdown meant little to the crowd.

Trojans went on to win 23-13. Another misleading statistic was Marcus Allen's 107 yards on 31 carries. Before proclaiming him the Trojans' latest Heisman candidate, consider that the longest run from scrimmage by a USC tailback this season has been 13 yards.

Among the five Pac-10 teams eligible for the Rose Bowl, unbeaten Washington looks the strongest. The Huskies routed Northwestern 45-7 as Toussaint Tyler scored three times and Quarterback Tom Clark completed seven of 10 for 189 yards and one TD—in little more than a quarter. Led by an offensive line that goes 255 pounds per man, Washington scored on its first seven possessions.

USC (2-0)

UCLA (2-0) WASHINGTON (2-0)

SOUTHWEST For the second straight week Houston outgained an opponent, but lost. The Cougars, who had more total offensive yardage, 352-280, than Miami of Florida, were upset 14-7 on a freak play. With Miami leading 7-0 in the second quarter, a Hurricane punt hit Houston Defensive Back Denise Love in the back and was recovered at the 14 by Miami Center Don Bailey. Jim Joiner then ran six yards for the clinching score.

Two other Southwestern Conference powers, Texas and Arkansas, also had scares. However, the breaks went their way, and they won. Treading Utah State 17-7 late in the first half, the Longhorns ran off four long drives to win 35-17. Jim Jones scored the go-ahead touchdown on a one-yard run following a pass-interference penalty. Tied at the half 7-7 with Oklahoma State, Arkansas went ahead 10-7 when Thomas Brown fielded the second-half kickoff five yards in the end zone and, instead of downing the ball, ran it back 53 yards to set up a 40-yard field goal by Ish Ordorez. The Razorbacks went on to win 33-20. SMU won its ninth straight over TCU, but barely. In fact, if Mike Ford hadn't taken the Mustangs the length of the field, scoring the winning TD on a one-yard drive at 0:55, SMU would have lost 14-10 instead of winning 17-14. Earlier, Cornerback John Simmons had kept the Mustangs in the game by blocking two TCU field-goal attempts, intercepting a pass and setting up a field goal with an 18-yard punt return.

Penn State was on hand for the dedication of Texas A&M's renovated Kyle Field, but the Nittany Lions were hardly polite guests, winning 25-9 in a game in which the Aggies crossed the 50-yard line only twice. The opening kickoff had to be replayed because a television network taping the game wasn't ready when the first whistle was blown. Texas A&M, suggested a press-box wit, should have asked for a replay of the entire game.

TEXAS (2-0)

ARKANSAS (1-1) SMU (2-0)

EAST Two Western teams came East and wished they had stayed on the other coast. California Quarterback Rich Campbell, who had set an NCAA record with 43 completions the previous week, was held to 19 by Army, a two-touchdown underdog that came up a 26-19 winner. The Cadet defense held California true on goal-line stands, and Army's Jerry Bennett threw two TD passes to Larry Pruitt. Boston College got its biggest win since a 1976 upset of top-ranked Texas by beating 11th-ranked Stanford 30-13. The BC defense intercepted Cardinal Quarterback John Elway four times, and one of the Eagles' interceptions, Defensive Back Mike Mayock, also kept Stanford's celebrated receiver, Ken Margerum, from scoring.

Two Midwestern visitors didn't fare much better. Kent State traveled to Annapolis and was shut down 31-3 by the Navy defense, which hasn't allowed a touchdown in two games. The Midshipmen converted four turnovers into a like number of TDs. Miami of Ohio, Syracuse's guest for the opening of the Carrier Dome, fell 36-24 to the Orangemen.

While Dartmouth whipped Penn 40-7, defending Ivy League champion Yale recovered five fumbles and intercepted a pass en route to a 45-17 win at Brown. In the play that broke it open for the Elis, Quarterback John Rogan threw an up-for-grabs pass to the Brown 21. Yale Tailback Rich Darius wrestled the ball away from Brian Safety Jeff Gradinger and bolted into the end zone, giving the Elis a 31-17 bulge. Cornell recovered two fumbles deep in Princeton territory, scored each time and went on to win 17-7. Harvard Quarterback Brian Buckley passed for 137 yards and rushed for 55 more as the Crimson defeated Columbia 26-6.

Charlie Wysocki scored both Maryland touchdowns in its 14-11 victory at West Virginia. Rutgers whipped Cincinnati 24-7 as Deron Cherry faked a punt and threw a 30-yard touchdown pass. Fifteen seconds later Mark Pinciro picked off a Cincy pass and ran 47 yards for another score.

PITT (2-0)

PENN STATE (2-0) RUTGERS (2-0)

SOUTH Top-ranked Alabama scored three times in just over three minutes of the first quarter, rolled up 524 yards of total offense and won its 23rd consecutive game, 59-35 over Mississippi. Nonetheless, Ole Miss Coach Steve Sloan was pleased, at least with his offense. "If somebody had told me we were going to score 35 points against that defense, I would've guaranteed that Alabama's win streak wouldn't exceed 22 games," he said. John Fourcade completed 21 of 43 passes for 296 yards and four touchdowns as Mississippi gained 500 yards. The losers didn't begin to click, however, until after Alabama

had taken a 21-0 first-period lead. Billy Jackson and Linne Patrick each gained more than 100 yards rushing for the Tide.

Despite a sprained right ankle, James Brooks accumulated 187 yards and scored twice to lead Auburn to a 35-28 win over Duke. Florida State ran on 81 of 109 offensive plays and beat East Carolina 63-7. Sam Platt, whose 29 carries were good for 130 yards, was the Seminole workhorse. Florida overwhelmed Georgia Tech 45-12 as Quarterback Bob Hew to throw for two touchdowns and ran for a third.

Scott Woerner's interception and punt return enabled Georgia to defeat Clemson 20-16. It was a good thing the Bulldogs' defense was sharp because their offense wasn't. In fact, the longest Georgia TD drive covered two yards; Running Back Buck Blue went that distance after Woerner's interception had given Georgia the ball on the Tigers' two. Held to 12 yards in the first half, the Bulldogs' Herschel Walker ran for 169 after intermission and set up field goals of 42 and 27 yards by Rex Robinson.

Boston in the closing moments of its first two games. Tennessee made a big play to avoid a possible upset by winless Washington

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Joe Morris, a 5'7", 182-pound running back, scored four times, gained 170 yards on 32 carries and became the No. 3 career rusher (2,693 yards) in Syracuse history, as the Orange defeated Miami of Ohio 36-24.

DEFENSE: Scott Woerner, a 6'1", 190-pound defensive back, returned a punt 67 yards for one touchdown and set up another with a 98-yard interception runback in leading Georgia to a 20-16 victory over Clemson.

State. The Vols squandered a 28-3 first half margin, led by just 28-23 with a little more than four minutes left and were third and eight on their own 13. Quarterback Steve Alatorre chose that perilous moment to uncork a 45-yard pass to Anthony Hancock. Eight plays later, Glenn Ford scored from four yards out and Tennessee won 35-23.

Quarterback Tim Clifford threw a 27-yard last-ditch pass to the coach's son, Flanker Steve Corso, to give Indiana a 36-30 win over Kentucky. "It was the old pun-tree play," Steve explained. In high school he and his father, Indiana Coach Lee Corso, would practice the play. "I'd go out, fake to the apple tree and cut to the pine tree." Defensive Back Tim Wilbur accounted for two other Indiana scores, running 78 yards on a punt return and 40 yards with an interception.

ALABAMA (2-0)

FLORIDA ST. (3-0) NORTH CAROLINA (2-0)



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Rolf Benirschke, the Chargers' kicker, gave the boot to death



Before the 1979 Steelers game, teammate Kelcher led an emaciated Benirschke to midfield



Rolf Benirschke is, in the popular idiom, goal-oriented. He kicks them from the field for the San Diego Chargers, and he regularly sets them for himself in his personal life. "My goal right now is to be a good kicker," says Benirschke, who is already better than that. "It is very important to me. Eleven months ago, it wasn't. Then, my goal was to be able to get out of bed and see a sunset." Last October Benirschke's chances of realizing any of his goals weren't promising; he lay near death in the intensive care unit of University Hospital in San Diego, victim of a rare and as yet incompletely diagnosed intestinal disorder. That he is alive and kicking today is no mean achievement. That he is kicking better than ever—he has made good on six of seven field-goal attempts through last Sunday—surpasses the hopes of even his most optimistic supporters.

"I never questioned that he'd kick again," says Wayne Sevier, the Chargers' special teams coach. "But I thought it would take one more season before he'd be ready. He's all the way back now—plus a little more."

Benirschke, who graduated from the University of California at Davis with a degree in zoology, was the second-to-the-last—334th—player drafted in 1977, but he had established himself as one of the NFL's premier kickers before his illness. In little more than two seasons, he had booted 39 field goals in 49 attempts for a percentage of .796. He had set a Charger record by going 4 for 4 against Seattle in the opening game of the 1979 season, and by the time he was hospitalized after the fourth game he had a string of 13 without a miss, a streak he ran to 16 this year before missing one of two attempts against Oakland on Sept. 14. And because he is an intelligent, conscientious, good-looking, pleasant young man and a local boy to boot—from nearby La Jolla—he had become a particular favorite of Charger fans.

It became apparent during the '78 season, though, that something was wrong with Benirschke. His weight began dropping, and at 6' and 172 pounds he had

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never been overly robust for pro football. He was afflicted with stomach cramps so agonizing that eating became punishment. His normally sunny disposition suffered. "Life was just a question of existing," he says.

But he made it through the season, hitting on 18 of 22 field-goal attempts, using technique to compensate for the decline in strength. His illness was tentatively diagnosed as Crohn's Disease, an ailment that infects and inflames the colon. "The bottom line is they don't know the cause of it," says Benirschke, whose father is a professor of pathology at the University of California at San Diego. In some cases, afflictions of the colon will flare up only occasionally; in others, surgery is required to remove the infected parts.

Forgoing surgery, Benirschke began the 1979 season determined to play in pain, as non-kickers often boastfully do. He set his record in the opener, but in the second game an Oakland cornerback crashed into him while attempting to block an extra-point try, and the already frail Benirschke suffered bruised ribs. Still, he continued to kick. Then, on the flight to San Diego after a 27-21 loss to New England in the fourth game, he nearly collapsed. He was hospitalized in San Diego with a 105° temperature, and was operated on a week later for the removal of part of his colon. A second operation was necessary four days later when he contracted peritonitis.

Benirschke was in intensive care for more than two weeks, a time of immeasurable physical and mental anguish. "There was a three- or four-day period there when I could've died as easily as lived," he says. "It was a bad month for my family. My sister, Ingrid, was a floor below me with a kidney stone, and my grandfather in Germany was dying. But I have a strong family and they buoyed me. It wasn't a matter of whether I would play football again but of whether I'd live. Once, after the second operation, my dad came in to see me. I felt so sick I was ready to hang it up. I told my dad I didn't want to be kept alive on machines. Now my dad is a doctor and a very positive person, but all he said was, 'O.K., I won't let them.' It struck me at that moment just how sick I really was. From then on, I began to fight it."

Benirschke didn't look like much of a fighter. His weight had dropped to 125 pounds and he was too weak to get

out of bed. But he had enough left to set goals for himself, goals he now describes as "ludicrous." The first was simply to get up. He accomplished that. The next was to walk all the way to the door of his room and back. In time, he did that too. Five weeks after the surgery to halt the peritonitis, he was released from the hospital to the care of his parents, and at home he set more ambitious goals—get out of the house, walk to the house next door, then to the one after that, and on and on. "I kept adding houses," he says. "It was like working out again. But it seemed such a slow process, and it was tough on me mentally. I was used to being fit, and here I was reduced to this state."

Benirschke's outlook was improved by two isolated events. On Nov. 18 the Chargers named him co-captain for their important game with Pittsburgh. He learned of the honor while visiting his teammates in the locker room before the game and he wept. Then it occurred to him that he might not have the stamina to walk to the center of the field for the ceremonial coin toss. Benirschke's fellow co-captain, the injured Defensive Tackle Louie Kelcher, said he would carry him all the way if necessary. Instead, Kelcher led the emaciated kicker by the hand out of the tunnel and onto the field. The crowd rose to give Benirschke a standing ovation. Stunned, he says he "just stood out there crying." He knew then that he wanted to be part of the Chargers again. A few months later his resolve was further strengthened by watching on television "the courageous performances given by some of the injured athletes in the Winter Olympics." Benirschke set some more goals for himself.

He began working out under the guidance of Charger Conditioning Coach Phil Tyne. At first he was barely able to curl a three-pound weight, but gradually the atrophied muscles grew stronger and Benirschke stepped up the pace, working with weights and the Nautilus equipment and running increasingly longer distances. In college Benirschke had played both football and soccer, so he also began working out with the San Diego Sockers of the NASL. He kicked the lighter soccer ball for two months before he even attempted booting a football. But when the Chargers' camp opened in July, Benirschke was in shape. Sevier brought

him along slowly. "At first we just had him meeting the ball," Sevier says. "He wasn't kicking any further than 40 yards. But he kept getting stronger and stronger. The next thing we knew he was kicking 48 yards into a stiff wind. In one session, he started kicking from PAT range and gradually moved out to 55 yards. He missed only one of 35 kicks."

Benirschke was still no cinch to make the team. Mike Wood had been installed as his replacement. In nine games, Wood had been successful on 11 of 14 field-goal attempts and had tied Benirschke's team record with a 4-for-4 effort against Cincinnati. In camp the two became fast friends and ardent rooters for each other, though competitors for the same job. When the season began, Wood was the kickoff man and Benirschke the kicker. Against Seattle in the opener, Benirschke booted a 29- and a 41-yarder. He had come back, not simply from injury but from the brink of oblivion.

In Sevier's opinion, Benirschke is even stronger than before. His weight has increased to 180 pounds, and it seems to have added substance to his kicks. "He had a 55-yarder in the preseason," says Sevier, "and a 57-yarder in practice." He set a personal and club record with a 53-yarder against Denver in the third game of the season. With Wood now on the injured reserve list with a groin-muscle pull, the Chargers are using Benirschke once again on kickoffs, although there are lingering doubts whether he will be able to "take a hit."

Benirschke says he has never felt better. He is his old friendly and active self, involved in myriad projects around San Diego. As a student of zoology and a lifelong lover of animals, he has taken an active role in raising money for the San Diego Zoo's research department, which, coincidentally, is headed by his father. He is also raising funds for the National Foundation for Ileitis and Colitis and has moonlighted as the color man on broadcasts of Sockers games. He is a bird watcher and a naturalist, pastimes he enjoys even more now that sights and sounds he once accepted without notice have gained a special meaning. "It sounds like a cliché. I know. But when you've been very ill, the good things look different," he says. "I love the beautiful sunshine we have here in San Diego. I love laughing and being around people. And yes, I love kicking footballs again." **END**



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	EPA EST.	HWY. EST.	EST. MILES	HWY. MILES
FORD COURIER	(27)	37	(473)	647
BETTER THAN TOYOTA	(21)	28	(338)	451
BETTER THAN DATSUN	(25)	32	(423)	541
BETTER THAN LUV	(25)	35	(325)	455

Use estimates for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual hwy. mileage and range will probably be less than estimated. Fuel tank capacities (gal.) for LWB models: Courier 17.5, Toyota 16.1, Datsun 16.9, LUV 13.0. Calif. estimates lower.

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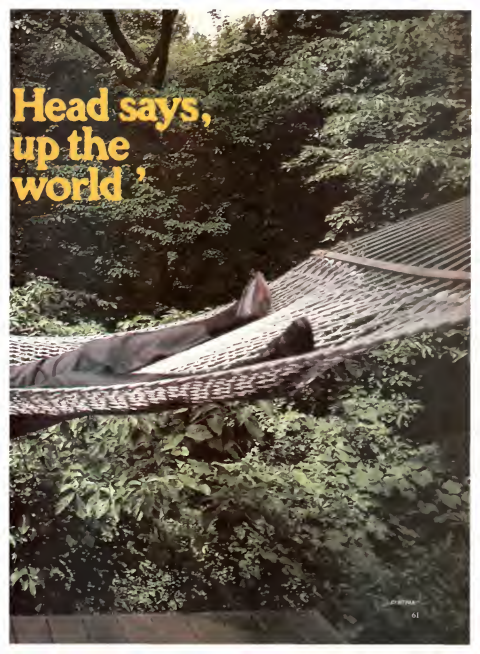


A photograph of Howard Stern lying in a hammock, surrounded by dense green foliage. He is wearing a light-colored striped shirt and has a cigarette in his mouth. The hammock is made of a woven material and is strung between two points, with the ropes visible. The background is a thick wall of green leaves and branches, creating a sense of being in a jungle or a very lush garden. The lighting is natural, suggesting daytime.

Howard 'I'm giving thing

The inventor of the revolutionary Head ski and Prince racket has decided that the world will have to wait for a better snorkel. At 66, he's geared down, savoring life and trying to "reinvent" himself

by **Ray Kennedy**

A photograph of a person lying in a hammock, surrounded by dense green foliage and trees. The person is wearing dark clothing and is lying on their back with their head resting on a pillow. The hammock is made of a light-colored, woven material. The background is a lush forest with many green leaves and branches. The overall mood is peaceful and relaxing.

**Head says,
up the
world'**

HOWARD HEAD

continued

Years ago, back when Howard Head was just an impoverished young inventor struggling to sell a new-fangled metal ski to an indifferent world, a friend staying overnight at his Baltimore flat was awakened in the wee hours by an unholy wailing. Fearing bloody murder, the friend rushed to investigate and found Head thrashing in his sleep and crying out, "I know I'm right! I know I'm right!"

And so he was, as evidenced by the small fortune he schussed off with after revolutionizing the ski industry in the 1950s and '60s. Now a mellowing 66, Head has learned to endure—indeed, savor—rejection, because he has come to see it as a measure of man's vision. It is axiomatic, he says: "The more innovative the concept, the greater the resistance." In other words, when you're right, derision is the prelude to acclaim.

Head, a 6' 4" gangleshank with a Mr. Clean pate, should know. Just four years ago, when he loped onto the courts brandishing his latest brainstorm, a racket that looked as big and unwieldy as a screen door, he was greeted by a chorus of guffaws and wisecracks that would have shamed Fulton into scuttling his steamboat. Hey, Howard, the wags chorried, what are you going to do with that contraption? Strain spaghetti? Chase butterflies? Seine for minnows? Teaching pro Vic Braden allowed as how Head's bionic banjo would add a new dimension to the game: "Now when you serve, you'll hit both your legs rather than only one."

Head just smiled his all-knowing smile, but not Mai Bash, a Head associate who had been corralled into trying out "this big, funny-looking snowshoe of a racket." Bash says, "It was embarrassing. People would come up and ask, 'Is that thing legal?' and, in all seriousness, 'What kind of game are you playing?'"

Tennis is the game, Prince is the name, and nowadays the only one who is laughing is Head—all the way to the bank.

Yes, Howard was right. Again. At a time when sales of other rackets have been dying like so many drop shots, the Prince line has taken off like a moon ball.

At the Metropolitan Racquet Club in Houston, for example, Prince accounts for approximately 85% of the club's racket sales. At Paragon Sporting Goods Center in New York City, one of the nation's largest discount athletic equipment stores, tennis manager Conroy Peterson claims that the new Prince Graphite is so "wildly successful" that his customers are wistfully intoning *Some Day My Prince Will Come*. "We're so deluged with orders that right now the waiting time for delivery is three months," Peterson says. Twenty-six blocks north, at Feron's Tennis & Racquet Shop, Bonnie Kusten adds, "You don't have to sell Prince rackets. They just come in the back door and walk out the front."

And for good reason, says Head, indulging in a little I-told-you-so savoring. "The Prince is the shape the tennis rack-





PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLER

doresments, Bjorn Borg could win with a frying pan, and anyone who believes that the pros' brand allegiances aren't for sale to the highest bidder—Borg gets at least \$600,000 a year for using the Donnay wood—better guess again. The differences among the best conventional rackets are too slight for the big-money players to concern themselves with trifling matters like truth in advertising.

However, the geometry of the Prince is obviously very different: the first radical change in racket design in a century. Oh, there have been a few oddments over the decades, beginning with the rectangular racket that Richard Sears used to win the first national championship in 1881. There were experiments with a racket that was bent like a pitchfork, the better, one fancied, to scoop up those devilish low balls. And so on through the years: diagonal stringing, crooked handles, elongated handles and even a ventilated handle with a tiny, battery-powered fan inside to keep the grip dry.

Tennis has seen and scorned them all. It is no small marvel that the Prince has survived, much less succeeded, in a sport so notoriously resistant to change that it has only recently recovered from the trauma of the introduction of yellow tennis balls. Yet, survive the Prince has, to the point that in many areas of the country Head's snowshoe is now on the other foot, so to speak. While many Prince devotees swear by it as a cure for tennis elbow, it has also caused a rash of tennis nose, which is a tendency to look down on the poor traditionalists and ask what in the world they intend to do with those antique minirackets. Stir their espresso? Filter out lint? Swat gnats?

Fads and fobbles aside, what makes the Prince certifiably special is that it has achieved what merchandisers only dream of and no amount of endorsement money can buy: word-of-mouth acceptance. Today at least 700,000 players are flailing away with their trusty Prince rug beaters, and Head considers each one of them his best salesman. Their spiel is the same: "I'm getting more balls back"; "I don't have to be as careful"; and the clincher—"I'm beating people I never

continued



Head, a sort of sports Yoda, perceived that bigger's better in tennis and made a better as along

et should've been in the first place. I have no doubt that in three or four years it will be the conventional frame and the others will be thought of as small, funny-looking and old-fashioned. This is no humilet. It's an absolute explosion. The word is out: the Prince is for real!"

As real, at least, as any innovation can be in a market that is crowded with dozens of rackets that promise unreal results. Certainly the Prince folks spare no superlatives in proclaiming that theirs is "the most successful racket in tennis history," the one with four times the effective hitting area, the one delivering more power, control and consistency, not to mention "twice as much fun, twice as many rallies." All of which is backed up by diagrams and the kind of technical lingo that has Prince owners talking of polar moments of inertia, centers of percussion and coefficients of restitution.

As a rule, such sales pitches for rackets have been about as credible as player en-



Head and Prince president Murray now have three other models to go with the original biggie (right)

HOWARD HEAD

continued

beat before." In short, by decree of vox populi, the only imprimatur that really counts, Head's contraption works.

Indeed the Prince had to deliver, debuting as it did in 1976, the year that the great tennis boom peaked and then went bust. Over the past four years racket sales have fallen from a high of \$184 million to \$138 million and the number of players

has shrunk from 28 million in 1978 to 20 million. In large part, the defectors were more interested in following the latest fashion than the bouncing ball, and when the game proved more difficult to master than anticipated, the faddists folded their designer togs and moved on to jogging and roller skating.

Which is just fine by Head, who explains that the enthusiasts who remain "are the kind of players we like, the hardcore kind who are serious about their

games and their equipment." Surprisingly, in these inflationary times, while the cheap wooden rackets made in Taiwan have all but vanished from the sales charts, the Prince Graphite, which goes for a very serious \$250, has become the nation's No. 1-selling racket. The Graphite, along with the original Classic (\$65); the newer Pro (\$90, unstrung), an aluminum racket that's stiffer than the Classic; and the newest addition to the line, the Woodie (\$140), a composite of wood and graphite, has helped boost Prince sales 55% this year. Overall, with three models—the Graphite, Woodie and Pro—among the 12 best-selling rackets, Prince has come from nowhere to glom 13% of the market and is challenging front-runners AMF (28%) and Wilson (24%).

Given Prince's performance, imitation was inevitable—up to a point. Head's patent, a strong one, gives Prince exclusive rights to all rackets made with hitting surfaces of 85 to 130 square inches. The hitting surface of a standard racket is 70 square inches. When the crash came, rather than jump off a ledge, rival manufacturers leaped into the breach with a new design called—shades of Mowtown—the mid-size. With robust names like Big Bubba and Black Max, the mid-dies are 20% larger than conventional rackets and a square millimeter or two short of infringing on Prince's preserve. In return for handsome royalties, Prince has granted Wilson a five-year license to make a Prince-sized racket called the Wilson Extra. And finally there is the Weed Killer, the creation of an eager Ohioan named Tad Weed, which is one third larger than the Prince.

Where is it all leading? To a revitalized tennis racket market, and to the disappearance of a lingering geriatric stigma the Prince has had to bear. Among the first notables to adopt the Prince, blithely ignoring the purists who called it the "cheater," were veterans Clark Graebner, Ion Tiriac and Don Budge, who called it "by far the best racket I've ever played with." Terrific, but the fact that they are elder statesmen of the game only reinforced the notion that the Prince was more crutch than cudgel, an aid for lovable old codgers who have lost a step or three. The off-beat rap is: If the Prince is so good, why aren't the touring pros using it?

An increasing number are, thanks to the introduction of the Graphite and Pro,

continued

Head's dissatisfaction with a ball machine led him to Prince, the company that he now chairs



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HOWARD HEAD

continued

both stiffer models specifically designed for the big hitters. Gene Mayer was ranked 148th in the world when he picked up the Graphite; now he is sixth. Two years ago Pam Shriver used her Classic to become, at 16, the youngest player ever to reach the finals of the U.S. Open. And though young Paul McNamee discovered the Graphite only six months ago, he used it to upset John McEnroe in the French Open and, teamed with fellow Aussie Paul McNamee, to win the doubles at Wimbledon.

There have been other success stories. Vince Van Patten, for instance, Prince in hand, catapulted from 311th to 34th in 1979, his first year on the tour. Nonetheless, while industry prophets like Gene Scott agree that it is no longer a question of if, but when, the oversized but will become the dominant weapon on the pro tour, it figures to be later rather than sooner. The vast majority of pros have spent a lifetime grooving their swings to conventional rackets, and to devote the month or more that it takes a skilled player to adapt to the larger model is a disruptive risk that few have been willing to take. Besides, as Head notes, the potential for improvement with a Prince is inversely proportional to the ability of the player, ranging, he says, "from 150% for the beginner

down to 3% for the world-class player."

Still, it is a crucial 3%. Sammy Giamalva, a former U.S. Davis Cupper who competed at Wimbledon this year along with his sons Tony, a first-year pro, and Sammy Jr., a national 18-and-under champion (all are Prince players), explains "Like everyone else, I thought the Prince was a toy, a gimmick. But I found that the larger head gives you extra confidence, which is a big edge. Especially on tough, split-second returns off sharp volleys and blazing serves. Even world-class players mis-hit those two or three times a set. In a tight match, hitting them can be the difference between winning and losing."

Allen Fox, tennis coach at Pepperdine University, agrees. "Look at the Wimbledon finals this year," he says. "If McEnroe had been using a Prince, I think he would have beaten Borg. And he would have won more easily at the U.S. Open." And look at Fox's Pepperdine team, fourth-ranked in the nation last year: every player uses a Prince. "That's because I told them I would personally thrash anyone who didn't use it," he says. "The advantages are too great, the results too dramatic to ignore. A year ago a junior player named Rodney Harmon expressed some interest in attending Pepperdine. But he was ranked only 46th in

the 18-and-unders, so we said we'd have to think about it. What happens? He picks up a Prince and—bingo!—he jumps to fourth in the country and everybody's after him. He's at Tennessee now."

Prince Manufacturing Inc., itself a youngster, has been focusing its promotional efforts on the youth market with impressive results. Six of the eight quarterfinalists in the 1980 NCAA championships were Princings. So are half of the 22 members of the U.S. Junior Davis Cup teams. And in the Brand Name Open, Prince claims to have won more junior titles this year than the Jack Kramer Autograph squad ever did. Many of the junior heaves are from the ranks of Nick Bollettieri, the no-nonsense teaching pro who runs a tennis boot camp near Sarasota, Fla. (SI, June 9, 1980). What Nick says goes, and what he says is, "Prince is the racket of the future. It will be used by the players who will dominate tennis a few years from now."

The present is all *déjà vu* to Head. He went through this before with his Head ski, and he is struck by the similarities. "With both my skis and my racket I was inventing not to just make money, but to help me," he says. "I invent when it's something I really want. The need has to grow in your gut. People who go around trying to invent something generally fall on their tails. The best inventions come from people who are deeply involved in trying to solve a problem."

It has been said of Head that if he were an omelet chef, he would redesign the egg. True, but what he is is a sportsman who learned to win by losing his patience but never his stubbornness. "Visionaries don't get things done," says Head. "The idea for an invention is only 5% of the job. Making it practical is 95%. You have to have a perfectionist streak, and you have to let that streak run until the product works."

Head's daughter, Nancy Everly, says of her father, "If he gets annoyed with something, he changes it. Most people never get that annoyed, or they get frustrated and give up." His third wife, Joan, adds, "Howard never gives up."

Well, he did once, but only after he was convinced that not even he could redesign fate. Son of a Philadelphia dentist, Head grew up wanting to be a writer like his older sister, Hannah Lees, a novelist and magazine contributor. At Harvard, though, his English grades were

continued



Sculptures on Head's estate include this racing machine he used during his early inventing days.

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HOWARD HEAD

continued

so shaky that he switched to engineering sciences in his third year. He graduated with honors in 1936. Still stubbornly pursuing a literary career, he took a job as a scriptwriter for the old *March of Time* newsreels, but he was fired after nine months because he did no writing. Shortly thereafter he took a job at Pathe News, again as a writer, but was fired after six weeks for spending too much time repairing the film splicers. "Fiddling with those machines was more fun than writing," says Head. "Too bad I didn't realize then what that meant."

ture, I feel it. When I see a suspension bridge, I can feel the compression and tension of the cables just as I feel the sinews working in my arm."

Head put his feel to work, first as a riveter and then as the boss of a rivet gang at the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft Co. in Baltimore, hammering out B-26 attack bombers and PBM-3 flying boats during World War II. Within nine months he was promoted to the engineering department, where, he says, "I turned out to be embarrassingly good at structural design. Finally I was home."

was to make a "metal sandwich" ski consisting of two layers of aluminum with plywood sidewalls and a center filling of honeycombed plastic.

Needing pressure and heat to fuse the materials together, Head concocted a process that would have made Rube Goldberg proud. To achieve the necessary pressure of 15 pounds per square inch, he put the ski mold into a huge rubber bag and then pumped the air out through a tube attached to an old refrigerator compressor that was hooked up backward to produce suction. For heat, he welded together an iron, coffin-like tank, filled it with motor oil drained from automobile crankcases and, using two Stum-Buck camp burners, cooked up a smelly 350° brew. Then he dumped the rubber bag with the ski mold inside into the tank of boiling oil and sat back like Julia Child waiting for her potato puffs to brown.

Six weeks later, out of the stench and smoke, Head produced his first six pairs of skis and raced off to Stowe to have them tested by the pros. To gauge the skis' camber, an instructor stuck the end of one into the snow and flexed it. It broke. So, eventually, did all six pairs. "Each time one of them broke," says Head, "something inside me snapped with it."

Instead of hanging up his rubber bag, Head quit Martin the day after New Year's 1948, took \$6,000 in poker winnings he had stashed under his bed and went to work in earnest. Each week he would send a new and improved pair of skis to Neil Robinson, a ski instructor in Bromley, Vt., for testing, and each week Robinson would send them back broken. "If I had known then that it would take 40 versions before the ski was any good, I might have given it up," says Head. "But, fortunately, you get trapped into thinking the next design will be it."

Head wrestled with his obsession through three agonizing winters. The refinements were several: steel edges for necessary bite, a plywood core for added strength and a plastic running surface for smoother, ice-free runs. One crisp day in 1950, Head stood in the bowl of Tuckerman's Ravine in New Hampshire and watched instructor Cliff Taylor come skimming over the lip of the headwall, do a fistbail on the fall line and sweep into a long, graceful curve, swooshing to a stop in front of the beaming inventor.

continued



Pam Striver, an early convert to the Prince racket, attained the finals of the U.S. Open at 16.

The realization came three years and a lot of lost jobs and won poker hands later. It was 1939, and finding that he hadn't progressed beyond being a \$20-a-week copyboy at the Philadelphia *Public Record*, Head concluded that maybe the writing was not in his typewriter but on the wall. "Something was wrong," he says. Desperate, he took an aptitude test at the Stevens Institute, and "to my great anger and disbelief, I found I had the lowest potential for creative writing they had ever tested."

In structural visualization, however, his score was the highest ever. "That meant I could think in three dimensions," Head explains. "I don't just see a struc-

In 1946 Head went off to Stowe, Vt. for his first attempt at skiing. "I was humiliated and disgusted by how badly I skied," he recalls, "and, characteristically, I was inclined to blame it on the equipment, those long, clumsy hickory skis. On my way home I heard myself boasting to an Army officer beside me that I could make a better ski out of aircraft materials than could be made from wood."

Back at Martin, the cryptic doodles that began appearing on Head's drawing board inspired him to scavenge some aluminum from the plane scrap pile. In his off-hours he set up shop on the second floor of a converted stable in an alley near his one-room basement flat. His idea

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HOWARD HEAD

continued

"They're great, Mr. Head, just great," Taylor exclaimed. At that moment, Head says, "I knew deep inside I had it."

What Head had wrought was an aluminum ski that was stronger, livelier and, most important, three times more resistant to twisting than the average wooden ski. That last quality, the torsional rigidity of Head skis, allowed them to carve through turns with a fraction of the effort required by wooden models. Nevertheless, when Head began haunting the slopes in search of instructors who would sell his skis, he met with resistance. The "cheaters," as the skis with the "built-in turns" were dubbed, were too radical and, at \$85, a pair, too expensive, said the pros, some of whom took to ducking behind trees to avoid confronting Head. But when one instructor in Sun Valley, Idaho quickly sold 40 pairs out of his bedroom, his colleagues came rushing out of the woods and the avalanche was on.

By the end of the 1950s some 200,000 Head skis were in use, and the only mountain left to climb was the one com-

manded by the lofty downhill racers. The qualities that made the Heads terrific recreational skis, their liveliness and the ease with which they turned, made them difficult to control at high speeds. A layer of vulcanized rubber embedded in the aluminum skin of the ski corrected that, and Head was off to the races, most conspicuously at the 1964 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck. The majority of the U.S. and Swiss teams were mounted on Head skis, including Billy Kidd, who won the silver medal in the men's slalom. And two years later a pair of Americans set a world speed record—106.5 mph—on Head racing skis.

For Head it was a long exhilarating run with more than a few unforeseen bumps. By 1966, with 500 employees and a plant in Timonium, Md., that was grossing \$25 million a year on sales of 300,000 skis in 17 countries, the Head Ski Co. was the largest manufacturer of quality recreational skis in the world. Yet the company continued to experience acute and costly growing pains that in large part

were a result of Head's belated discovery that "I was an inept manager, a terrible people's man. If something went wrong, my instincts told me to fix it myself, whether it meant rewriting ads or greasing machines. Eventually I ran out of gas, and the company began to suffer."

A new management team was brought in in 1967, and the company prospered. But for Head, the chairman of the board but no longer in day-to-day control, the sense of adventure was gone. He says, "There comes a time when somebody like me has two choices: he can sell or get swallowed up by the bigness of his own creation." In 1969 AMF purchased the company for \$16 million, and at 55 Head retired with his wife, Joan, to their Norman-style house in the wooded Roland Park section of Baltimore.

Head, whose tastes when sedentary run to chess, bridge, poetry, Plato's *Dialogues* and the Brandenburg Concertos, decided that for physical recreation he would take up tennis. As befits a retired millionaire, he built a sunken court out



Head is no one-dimensional cat who just likes to invent. His contemplative side is shown by his enjoyment of chess, Plato and the Brandenburg Concertos.

back under the oaks and took \$5,000 worth of lessons. "Nothing helped," he says. "I was still a crummy player. Finally one of my frustrated instructors suggested I get a ball machine to practice with. I suspect he was trying to tell me something." Perhaps he was: the name of the machine was Prince.

Barely had it arrived when Mr. Fix-it felt compelled to do a little exploratory surgery in its rotor mechanism. Head's diagnosis: "It was an ingenious piece of design, but so full of bugs it was almost useless." Head called Prince Manufacturing, Inc., an embryonic firm in Princeton, N.J. Could he offer a few suggestions? He could and did, in person, driving up from Baltimore in his Cadillac. A few more trips and by the fall of 1971 Head owned 25% of the company's stock and had the titles of chief design engineer and chairman of the board.

The Prince ball machine soon worked well enough to capture half that market, but Head's game remained crummy. His problem was one that is familiar to hackers everywhere; whenever he hit the ball off center, which was frequently, the racket would twist and often almost spin out of his hand, sending the ball away.

Head repaired to his basement workshop and began tinkering. He shaved the face of one racket and added weights to the rim. Then he hung it upside down from a suspended door spring, spun it slowly and timed the rotations. His hope was that the weighted racket would show a significant increase in its polar moment of inertia, which is technospeak for resistance to twisting. But, alas, says Head, "Not only didn't the weights succeed in reducing the spin, but when I tried to play with the racket it broke."

Head mulled over the problem for nearly two years. Then, as in a scene out of *Young Tom Edison*, he awoke late one night with a hot flash and snapped his fingers: "Make it bigger!" Bigger because the laws of physics dictate—and the fat man on the disco floor can verify—the wider something is the more resistant it is to twisting. Witness Dorothy Hamill spinning on her ice skates; when she extends her arms, she increases her polar moment of inertia and slows down. Moreover, the principle decrees that the polar moment of inertia increases as the square of the width. Thus, Head realized, by making the racket just two inches—or 20%—wider, he would increase

its resistance to twist by about 40%, a bonus worth being stubborn about.

But would his Excalibur fit into a rule book that specifies everything from the width of the lines on the court to the length of the fuzz on the ball? With some trepidation, Head checked with the U.S. Tennis Association and was told that Rule 4 states only that the racket is "the implement used to strike the ball."

Theoretically, says Head, "You could hit the ball with a barn door or a card table with a handle attached." Or with a broom, which Bobby Riggs has been known to do when the money is right. Or even, as a British tournament player with a shaky backhand did in the 1950s, with two rackets, one in each hand.

The only no-no, which was added in 1978, is any stringing variation that "would result in a change in the character of the game." That restriction was designed to ban the infamous "spaghetti racket," a springy, double-string device that allowed its wielders to put a bewildering array of spins on the ball.

But beyond the spaghetti clause, almost anything goes. Why—in the long history of the game—has there not been more experimentation with racket design? Mainly because of the limitations of wood. If wooden rackets were made larger, they would be too heavy or would snap like toothpicks. But what of the strong, light metals that were introduced into racket design in the 1960s? Why were such space-age materials made to conform to age-old formulas? Head knows the answer. The invitation to innovate went unanswered, he says, because the traditional geometry "is so fixed in people's minds that it just never occurred to anyone that bigger might be better."

Nevertheless, avowing that "there is more wisdom in the gut than in the head," Head has an almost mystical respect for designs that evolve through use, independent of technology and fashion. "My experience with the ski helped when it came to the tennis racket," he says. "I found that skiers weren't looking for a lighter ski. They were looking for something that made skiing feel even better. So I learned not to mess with that particular esthetic 'rightness' a body feels, the kinesthetic feedback from a piece of equipment that feels good to use."

Thus, from the start, "thinking periph-

erally" so he could eliminate problems before they arose, Head conformed to his own Rule 4: thou shalt not mess with the length, weight and balance of the traditional racket configuration. Actually, the design he fashioned out of a rugged high-alloy aluminum that was developed for bumper supports on cars is, on the average, half an ounce lighter than the standard racket, a reflection of a trend, he feels, in the "rightness" formula.

Though he was unaware of it at the time, Head's biggest breakthrough was not in making the face two twist-resistant inches wider but in extending it three inches into the throat of the racket. Head, one of whose skis has hung in the Museum of Modern Art in New York as "a sleek, gleaming statement of pure functional design," explains that an "internal, esthetic logic" demanded that the widening of the racket be complemented by a proportionate lengthening. Though art made him do it, he concedes that it was science that ultimately turned those three little inches into a "fortuitous gold mine."

But gold was never his goal, Head insists. All along, from the late-night flash in early 1974 to the development of the first Prince prototype later that year, Head says that he had only two things in mind: "To make a racket that felt good, and one that I could play better with." The Prince passed the esthetic rightness test convincingly. As administered by Head to any doubters he encounters, it goes like this. Close your eyes. Swing two rackets successively, one a Prince, the other a conventional racket. Now try to guess which is which. "No one can do it with consistency," Head says proudly.

The hitting exam went equally well. "I could play much better immediately," says Head. "The feeling of stability was much more than I expected." Friends who in the past were never overly eager to rally with Old Scatterball began inviting him to play. Tallying up the test scores, Head came to a logical conclusion: "As soon as I found out that the racket helped me, I thought I might as well try it on the market."

Head called a meeting of the Prince board in 1975. "As chairman, I was wearing two hats in this instance," he says. "So I went to the meeting in my chairman's hat and said, 'Gentlemen, there's a man here to show you a new product.' Then I put on my inventor's hat and made my pitch." Mal Bush, now Prince's vice-

continued

HOWARD HEAD

continued

president in charge of engineering, recalls, "If another inventor had come in with a crazy-looking racket like that, we would've turned him away. Howard sure knows how to sell an idea."

The U.S. Patent and Trademark Office wasn't buying, however. "When I first applied for the patent," Head says, "the inspectors—who act as both judge and jury—refused the application, claiming that my idea was no more than an obvious extension of the state of the art in tennis-racket design." Turned down twice more, Head became three times more determined to amass the kind of not-so-obvious scientific evidence that would dazzle the patent boys.

Working in a lab with Kenneth Wright, a consulting engineer, Head set up a sort of shooting gallery with a Prince racket, clamped in a vise, squaring off against a Prince ball machine at 10 paces. High-speed cameras set for 400 frames a second were stationed next to the racket to record the coefficient of restitution, which is the relationship between the incoming speed of the ball and the outgoing speed. The maximum coefficient for a stationary standard racket was found to be .57; that is, the outgoing ball retained 57% of its incoming velocity. To achieve this maximum return, the ball had to strike the racket's center of percussion, the magical "sweet spot."

So much for the ground rules. In practice, the sweet spot is neither unique to tennis nor inconsequential to success. It even sings sweetly: "ping" to the tennis player, "click" to the golfer, "crack" to the baseball player. The sounds signal the soul-satisfying moment when the entire swung weight of the instrument is laid squarely on the ball, when the swing is free of vibration, when the racket, club or bat becomes an extension of self. "When Reggie Jackson hits the ball and feels nothing in his hands," says Head, "he knows that ball is gone." Such moments are rare because the sweet spot is by definition small and elusive. But what if it were bigger, more responsive, easier to find?

Once the barrage began in Head's shooting gallery he had some doubts about the Prince's performance under fire. Shots aimed directly at the center of the strings showed coefficients in the low .50s, respectable but below the .57 high of the standard racket. But as the shots were

aimed lower the coefficients began to go up—.55, .58, .62, .67. Could it be that the center of percussion, the evasive sweet spot, was not in the center of the strings as had always been assumed?

Yes, says Head. "We were startled to discover that the best place to hit the ball was in that three-inch area of added length, an area that doesn't even exist on conventional rackets. It's about two-thirds of the way up from where you grip the racket—the throat of the standard racket." Moreover, the tests showed that not only did the "super sweet spot," the area closest to the throat of the Prince, deliver 20% more power than the centers of percussion of other rackets, but the entire sweet spot was also four times larger than the average, the difference between an open hand and a fist. Serendipitously speaking, Head says, "I lucked into it."

Head then hit the Patent and Trademark Office in its center of percussion. "When I demonstrated the development of the sweet spot to them in engineering terms," says Head, "they had to concede that it was a totally unexpected outcome resulting in an invention." He was granted Patent No. 3,999,756 in 1976. It's good for 17 years.

Ever since, as chairman, principal stockholder and chiefinker, Head has been intimately involved in new racket design and other developments, such as a unique graduated stringing pattern that spaces Prince strings closer at the center, wider toward the edge, for more uniform response. But of late he is content to leave the daily operation of Prince's new \$15 million plant and 100 employees in the hands of John Murray, his enterprising president, who says, "I think Prince is going to take over the racket business."

Head now spends six weeks of the year skirting at Vail, Colo. and three weeks snorkeling in the Virgin Islands. Yes, he sees certain basic flaws in the snorkel designs, but he denies that he is going to try to correct it. "It has been a fundamental activity of my mind to fish around critically," he says, "and twice something has come of it." But he vows there won't be a third time. "I accept the snorkel for what it is and enjoy being who I am. The chronically dissatisfied Howard Head has faded away." In truth, he is deeply involved in his most demanding challenge yet: reinventing himself.

Recently, relaxing by his pool after a round of tennis with enough reassuring "pings" to make his day, Head feels called upon to quote from one of his favorite Wordsworth poems: "The world is too much with us, late and soon/Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. . . ." What Head has been spending and getting was everywhere evident: the big house; the pool; the court; a Japanese garden; a huge, automatically propelled hammock out among the oaks; and a rolling mini-estate dotted with free-form sculpture, including one marvelous monstrosity that turns out to be a routing machine salvaged from Head's boiling-oil days. Inside are his "toys," some of which he operates from a self-designed control panel that, at the flip of a switch, makes a TV set swing out of the wall, lights dim and draperies swing open.

But the curtain of tinted water he designed to flow over his wife's greenhouse is on the frit, and he may or may not get around to fixing it. "I'm giving up the thing world and heading into the people world," he says, dangling his feet in the pool. "In part, my devotion to the creative side was due to my isolation from people. If anyone ever thought of me they'd use the adjectives prickly and arrogant. The drag of creativeness is so powerful that a person can go on and on until he dries old and lonely. I have no interest in doing that."

Two failed marriages, the bouts of hard drinking and the chain-smoking are all behind him now, Head says. He has studied religions and philosophy extensively, has sampled everything from Carlos Castaneda to encounter workshops at the Esalen Institute, and he concludes, "They all say the same thing: how little of the enjoyable part of a man is rational, how much is spiritual. I believe there is a universal intelligence, and if you open yourself up, wisdom is going to flow in."

Slipping into the pool, Head speaks of the movie *The Empire Strikes Back* and an exchange he liked between the redoubtable Luke Skywalker and Yoda, the little green fellow with the supernatural powers. Skywalker, doubting his ability to levitate, says, "I don't believe it." Yoda replies, "That is why you fail." Head, paddling about, looking with his bald pate not unlike the venerable sage from the swamp, allows, "You have to believe in the impossible. That's the secret." **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 16-21

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

BOATING—The U.S. defender, FREEDOM, took a 2-1 lead over the challenger, Australia, in the best-of-seven America's Cup series-off Newport.

BOXING—HILARIO ZAPATA stopped Miguel Nakyma in the 10th round to retain his WBA junior flyweight title in Cebu, Japan.

LUFU PINTOR knocked out Johnny Owen in the 12th round to retain his WBC bantamweight title. Owen, the British bantamweight champion, was stricken from the ring unconscious and taken to California Hospital Medical Center, whence underwent brain surgery to remove a blood clot. He remained in critical condition following the operation.

WILMER KENTY defended his WBA lightweight title by knocking out Ermen Espino in the fourth round in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PRO FOOTBALL—Buffalo, Detroit and San Francisco three unexpected division leaders, remained unbeaten, but the Super Bowl-winning Steelers squandered early lead against the Jets, who beat the AFC East, defeated New Orleans 35-28 in Joe Ferguson threw for 295 yards and three touchdowns and made Joe Cribbs run for two TDs. NFC Central-leading Detroit, looking at first division title since 1957, defeated Los Angeles 49-9 with a 39-7 victory, in which the Lions' Billy Sims gained 99 yards to lead on so the league rushing leader, and the Cardinals' Jim Hart became the seventh NFL quarterback to pass for at least 30,000 career yards. San Francisco led Jets Quarterback Richard Todd build up some impressive passing yards in the third, 17-17, in their New York Jets 20-13. Todd completed a record 42 passes—for 447 yards and three touchdowns. Nevertheless, the Jets are still without a win in 18 years. In the AFC Central, Pittsburgh and Houston share the lead. The defending champion Steelers earned the half over an 18-10 in their 20-13 loss to Cincinnati, which got two fourth-quarter TD passes from Clark Thompson and a game-winning 21-yard field goal from Sam Winder with 2:25 left. Pittsburgh had not lost since its penultimate 1979 regular-season game. Houston caught up to the Steelers by defeating Cleveland 16-10 on Monday night and 11-10 on Sunday. Ken Stabler had for 28 passes against the Browns, but it was the G-1 defense that connected with Colt Quarterback Bert Jones, sucking from five yards and beating his nose. Six interceptions and a fumble recovery by the San Diego defense in a 30-31 defeat of Denver kept the Chargers unbeaten and a giant ahead of Oakland in the AFC West. Dan Fouts of the Chargers passed for 211 yards. The Raiders kept pace by beating the Redskins 24-21 before 45,663 fans, the smallest regular-season crowd in Oakland since 1975. In Anaheim, the Rams performed as they had in two previous seasons, getting 37 second-quarter points in a 51-21 win over Green Bay. L.A. outscored three passes by Lynn Davis and ran by Bill Toole with rookie Johnson Johnson running out back 99 yards for a touchdown and Ron Perry taking and kicking 83 yards for a TD. The quarterbacks in New England's 31-21 victory at Seattle were able to combine their scoring games in four touchdowns. The Seahawks' Jim Zorn threw for four TDs, completed to Patrick Moore Griggs's third, but Grogan's third one was a 16-yard game-winning in a 10-9, 47-17 Don Howards with 2:51 remaining. Elsewhere, Dallas beat Tampa Bay 28-17 in Danny White threw three touchdowns passes for the first time in his NFL career. Minnesota held Walter Payton to only 39 yards rushing in his 34-14 victory over the Bears. Bob Griese came off the bench to replace Don Briscoe at quarterback and led the Detroit from a 17-10 deficit to a 30-17 win at Atlanta, and Cleveland came back from a Monday night loss to defeat the Chiefs 20-13, with Browns' Kicker Don Cochran posting eight other players with 1,000 or more career points.

GOLF—DONNA CAPONI YOUNG shot a nine-under par 283 to win a \$100,000 LPGA tournament in Overland Park, Kan. by five strokes over Shelby Hankley. Young became the second woman golfer ever to earn \$200,000 or more in a single year. Beth Daniel also having done so in 1989.

LEE TRIVINO tied the final hole to win the \$250,000 Texas Open at San Antonio by one shot over Terry Dill. He finished with a 15-under-par 263 to victory

clinch the 1989 Vardon Trophy for the lowest stroke-per-round average.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL of Huntington, W. Va. won his second straight U.S. Senior Amateur title in Rest Springs, Va., defeating Keith Compton of San Antonio 3 and 2 in the final match.

HARNESS RACING—NIATROSS (32-20, 42-20), driven by Tom Gaffney, won the 1984-1977 Lake Bower Juv in Delaware, Ohio in straight heats to become harness racing's all-time leading money-winner with earnings of \$1,738,796. The 3-year-old pacer took the first belt in 3:55 on May 30, 1984 over Ticonderoga Time and then set a record mile for pacers on a half-mile (1/4 mile) in winning the second heat 83 times lengths over Sary Demage.

NEVILLE IMPULSE (30-5-4), Richard Macomber in the sulky, won the \$184,022 Dexter Cup at Roosevelt Raceway by half a length over Fast Score. The 3-year-old gelded the mile in 2:02 1/2.

HORSE RACING—TUNERUP (327-06), Vincent Bracciale Jr. up, won the \$101,700 Patuxent Handicap at the Meadowlands by three-quarters of a length over Fajano. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:49 1/2.

SPECTACULAR BID won the \$210,500 Woodward Stakes at Belmont in a walkover after the three other entries scratched. With B.R. Shoemaker aboard, the 4-year-old colt galloped the 1 1/4 miles alone, finishing in 2:02 1/2.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI, averaging 117.494 mph in a Penske, won the 158-mile, \$60,000 Mobilgas Grand Prix for Indy cars in Brooklyn. He finished 3 second ahead of Bobby Unser, who was also driving a Penske.

BOBBY ALLISON, in a Ford, won a \$14,815 NASCAR race in North Wilkesboro, N.C. by half a second over Darrell Waltrip in a Chevrolet. The winner averaged 75.343 mph for the 400 miles.

SOCER—ASL, in the league championship game at Alhambra, Pa., the Pennsylvania Soccer Development League, defeated the New York Cosmos 2-1 on goals by Rich Rance and George Gerisio, who earlier had been named the ASL's Most Valuable Player.

NASL, The Cosmos won the league title by defeating Fort Lauderdale 3-0 in the Soccer Bowl in Giorgio Chinaglia scored a pair of goals (page 14).

TENNIS—ANDREA JAEGER won her first U.S. professional tournament by defeating Hans Mandlman 7-5, 6-4, 6-3 in the final of a \$10,000 event in Los Angeles. The victory won her \$34,000 in prize money.

BASEBALL—NAMED ASL, the NASL Player of the Year, Seattle Sounder goalie JACOB BRAND, 27, who led the league with a 0.91 goals-against average and set a record with 35 shutouts. Sounder striker ROGER DALL, 25, of the NASL's third-leading scorer with 25 goals and 13 points, was chosen Most Valuable Player while Cosmos defender JEFF DURGAN, 19, was named Rookie of the Year.

REINSTATE By first-of-its-kind arbitrator Raymond Goetz, Texas Ranger pitcher FERGUSON JENKINS, who had been suspended by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for failing to cooperate with Kuhn's investigation of drug possession charges against Jenkins.

RETIRED After 16 seasons with the NBA league, San Diego Clipper Player-Coach PAUL SILAS, 37, to concentrate on his coaching duties. The north-leading rebounder in league leaders (12,253), Silas, a 6'7" forward, played in 1,234 NBA games, 16 fewer than the record held by John Havlicek, and scored 9,444 points per game.

BROWNS Color Guard PETE MARAVICZ, 32, a five-time NBA All-Star, who scored 242 points per game over his 11 seasons. His 31 1/2-point average led the league in 1976-77. Last season in 40 games with the Bulls and the Celtics he averaged 11.3 points.

DIED Former Kansas City Chief (1961-70) and Washington Redskins (1970) Offensive Tackle JIM TYLER, 41, who played in nine All-Star Games and two Super Bowls, by stroke at his home in Kansas City. Tyler led his own line with a gun after losing his leg.

CREDITS

By—Eugene Flint 16-19; Manny Miller 19-20; John Toole 20-21; Harry Miller 21-22; George Fajano 22-23; Carl Hester 23-24; Manny Miller 24-25; Harry Stead 25-26; Anthony Jones 26-27; Terry Glavin 27-28; Andy Hay 28-29; Terry Glavin 29-30.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LARRY BROWN
DAVID DODD

Larry, 36, won two titles at the U.S. Track and Field Association National Age-Group Championships in Dayton, His time of 21.4 seconds for 200 meters set a national record for the 16-17 age group, and he 47.8 seconds for 400 meters.



TONY HILL
CHRISTOPHER W. VA

Hill, 22, won the AAU National Karate Championships Open Division for a record third straight year and was named the outstanding karate athlete of 1980. He is also the United States Karate Association's middleweight champion.



CINDY BIRCH
SUELA BERNARDI, AGST

Birch, 27, a winner, won the Women's World Freestyle Judo Championship in Pasadena, Calif. over 32 other finalists from 16 countries. She won on combined scoring in dog goat, self-defense, flight defense, freestyle and a doubles event.



ROBERTO GONZALEZ-JULIA
HUBERT PETERSEN

Gonzalez-Julia, 67, a U.S. Army major, won the 100-meter dash, 110 and 400 hurdles, pole vault, discus and hammer at the Pan Am Masters Games in San Juan. He ran the 100 in 13.3 and threw the discus 112' 4".



BONNIE CARLSON
MAYNOR T. BOW

Carlson, 18, became only the third girl to win the Iowa high school and junior girls golf titles in the same year. She shot a 155 for 36 holes to win the high school tournament by 16 strokes and won the junior title by 16 shots with a 233 for 54 holes.



TODD WODRICH
ALAN LAM, OREGON

Todd, 8, hit 1,000 with 15 home runs, 13 singles and 36 RBIs in his first year in the Avon Lakes T-Ball League. He was 40 for 40 and had at least one homer in every game as his team led for the league title with an 8-2 record.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

JUNIOR'S BEHAVIOR

Sir: Regarding the U.S. Open tennis championships (*Round Two to the Kid*, Sept. 15), we may never again witness such classic matches as McEnroe-Conners and McEnroe-Borg. The greatness of the play came through despite McEnroe's unforgivable behavior. If he ever learns the meaning of the words humble, claw and sportsmanship, he could very well be the best player in history. However, as long as the sport allows the indignities he inflicted on the umpire, especially in the Connors match, then tennis will continue to breed his type. That's sad.

B.F. HOKINGS
Welland, Ontario

Sir:

John McEnroe said, "I figure I'm about 10 Wimbledon finals exactly like the last one away from getting those people on my side," in response to the boos and jeers he heard even in his "home" tournament. Even if Junior keeps playing McNificently, as he did at both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open, the crowds will continue reacting negatively to him, as long as his conduct on the court remains McNxious. What other sport would allow a player to refer to an official as "Mr. Incompetent" without penalty?

LAWRENCE C. RUTHER
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Whenever John McEnroe gets the least bit excited, the crowd turns on him. Acts similar to his wouldn't even turn a head if they were committed by some other player. I'm glad John was able to withstand the jeers long enough to earn a much-deserved victory over Borg.

MARGARET CARPENTER
Chapel Hill, N.C.

OPEN COVERAGE

Sir:

"Kindergarten journalism credentials?" Those words were a cheap shot at the CBS tennis announcers (TV/Radio, Sept. 15). Frank Deford charges CBS with putting no heart or soul into its coverage of any sport, let alone tennis. Deford obviously doesn't watch the NBA on CBS. Brent Musburger gets so worked up you can barely detect that both teams are shooting 15% and all the starters have fouled out. If it weren't for his enthusiasm, we would surely be at the "mercy of the action," as Deford puts it, or the lack thereof.

Concerning Tony Trabert, Pat Summerall, John Newcombe, Virginia Wade and Co., I think they do "know the language and the

game and attend to both." They are definitely not chatterboxes.

JOHN PANLEY
Park Rapids, Minn.

Sir:

Frank Deford severely criticizes producer Frank Clarkman for having "cameras hopping all around" suggesting that the continuity of the match being televised was somehow upset by switching off to other matches also in progress. While Deford is entitled to his opinion, I found the approach taken by Clarkman to be refreshing and innovative. The viewer was able to see the best of various matches that were being played simultaneously. In essence, I felt that I was receiving twice the coverage that I would've gotten had CBS stuck unrelentingly to the stadium matches.

ROBERT E. SALKIN
Hackensack, N.J.

Sir:

I often suspect that print journalists who take potshots at television journalists and commentators are mainly motivated by jealousy. But Frank Deford's column concerning the CBS telecast of the U.S. Open was right on target. If we could have had about a third of the personnel and about twice the intelligence that was brought to the presentation, it would have been wonderful.

WILLIAM C. PARKER
Genoa, Ohio

Sir:

Wouldn't it be great if CBS executives read your article and did something about it? I am so glad somebody has recognized that the U.S. Open coverage was spoiled by a "platoon of competing voices" and "chain introductions." Heaven forbid that we should get to know any of the players. I can't stand the endless chatter.

DURIE DRISLER
New York City

BOOSS TOASTS

Sir:

Walter Booss Jr. took the best photographs I've ever seen (*Between the Acts*, Sept. 8). His version of "One for all, all for one" in particular should be made into a poster. That picture tells what sports and life are all about. Superb!

DAVE ZUBA
Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

John Matuszak—the face, the beard, the shoulders—is a gladiator if ever there was one.

LANE NEFF
Delmont, Pa.

Sir:

Walter Booss Jr.'s cover picture of John McEnroe (Sept. 15) is outstanding. However, his shot of McEnroe serving, on pages 16-17 of the same issue, is one of the most beautiful sports photographs I've ever seen.

ROGER COHEN
Marlboro, N.J.

MISTER JEFFERSON'S SONSHIP

Sir:

Thanks to Frank Deford for his well-researched story *It's V-I-R-G-I-N-I-A-A-A-A!* (Sept. 15). As a long-suffering Virginia alumnus, I agree with the new attitude sweeping Charlottesville. Hey, what's so bad about winning for a change?

As to Deford's allusions to the partying and road trips at The University, did anyone ever tell you about the "weekend" road trip to New Orleans for Mardi Gras in '64 when
VICTOR S. FODDELL
Class of '66
Reston, Va.

Sir:

Kudos for the tremendous and timely portrayal of U. Va. However, Frank Deford's presumption about the derivation of the name Hookville is incorrect. At The University, a "hook" is a slang expression for a grade of C. Perhaps because of the letter's shape, Charlottesville is commonly referred to as Cville. Substitute hook for C, and you have Hookville.

As for losing, I and many other fervent Wa-hoos have spent many years deep in the valley. Deford ably illustrated the high plateau of sight. I can assure him that we not only could throw The Victory Party, but we would, and we will.

JAY SHONE
School of Medicine
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

When you "hooked" a course at U. Va. and received *The Gentleman's C*, it was the same as saying that you didn't do much work and just got by. I know this all too well, because during my student years there, I too often drank from the wrong Jefferson Cup—a pewter vessel originally designed by T.J. himself—and hooked many a course.

WILLIAM HANCOCK
Portland, Maine

Sir:

As a student at The University, I agree that "sports are in." You neglected to mention, however, that the lacrosse team was ranked No. 1 in the nation through the better part of last season, before it lost the NCAA championship.

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19TH HOLE continued

pinship game in double overtime to Johns Hopkins. And when basketball season gets underway, look out for The Lamp—Jeff Lamp, that is. I believe another quotation of Mister Jefferson's might reveal his attitude toward athletics: "Exercise and recreation are as necessary as reading. I will say rather more necessary because health is worth more than learning."

DAVID KUBE
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir,

Frank DeFord mentioned that Virginia nearly had its only perfect football season in 1941 when Buller Bill Dudley played. In 1915, the year in which my grandfather, Eugene (Buck) Mayer, played—he was one of the South's first All-Americans—Virginia also came close to a perfect season, winning eight and losing only to Harvard. The 1915 team is still considered by many to be the greatest Cavalier squad of all time. I believe you will find that the 1913 and 1914 Virginia teams had almost perfect seasons, too, losing only to Georgetown and Yale, respectively.

MICHAEL T. DeVAN
Charleston, W. Va.

Sir,

I am one of the many who have had the honor of attending The University and spending delightful Saturday afternoons at picturesque Scott Stadium, Upon moving to Texas in 1977, my wife and I traveled to Austin to see the University of Texas football team play U. Va. Alas, it was a classic Virginia game—U. Va. lost 68-0. However, after viewing Texas' high-rise dorms and some of its 40,000 students, we left for home feeling somewhat victorious in the knowledge that maybe, after all, winning isn't everything.

STEPHEN ROSE
Angleton, Texas

BRONX BOAT

Sir,

In your article about the America's Cup (*Aussane Task for the U.S.*, Sept. 15), Freedom was referred to as the "San Diego" boat and the "West Coast" boat. Freedom's home port is New York's Fort Schuyler, which is also the site of the State University of New York Maritime College and of its Foundation, the sponsor of the *Enterprise/Freedom* campaign. It is true that winter trials were held off the West Coast, and Freedom Skipper Dennis Conner is from San Diego, but crew members had from various states, including New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Fort Schuyler and Mineford's Yacht Yard, where Freedom and other Olin Stephens-designed 12-meters were built, are within the New York City limits. To be precise, Freedom is a Bronx boat.

MICHAEL F. HAINES
Secretary
Maritime College at Fort
Schuyler Foundation, Inc.
Bronx, N.Y.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

BIG LOBERS

Sir: E.M. Swift's article on the Rocky Mount (N.C.) Pines, the "worst team in organized ball" (*It's Been Some Rocky Year*, Sept. 1), brought back memories of the summer of 1958, when I played for one of the longest teams (39-86-1) in professional baseball—the Aberdeen (S. Dak.) Pheasants in the Class C Northern League. The Pheasants played in snow, tornadoes and stifling heat. They nearly went 0 for May—losing 27 of 28 in one stretch.

In spite of our failures, the fans supported us, and one evening after a particularly valiant loss they took up a collection in the stands and sent us two cases of Gram Beir beer to soothe our ruffled feathers. A local cartoonist acknowledged our plight by creating a character called Philbert the Pheasant for the local daily. We would fight over the paper each night to see what new ways he had found to show the wounds on Philbert's battered body.

The manager, Barney Lutz, who was a real old pro, left us at about the 20-loss mark. The new manager, Billy DeMars, who's the Philbert's third-base coach now, was able to break the streak. Other alumni of that team were Bo Belinsky and Steve Barber; when Bo threw his no-hitter in happier times, it was against Steve.

Before reading your article I had always felt that being fired is a pitcher for the Dublin (Ga.) Orioles by Earl Weaver was the highlight of my baseball career. Now I can proudly say that it was being a member of the '58 Aberdeen Pheasants.

ALLIE L. MALAVASE
Hokosah, N.Y.

BUMP, BUMP

Sir: Congratulations to Bill Colson for a heck of an article on slo-pitch softball (*Teams That Go Bump in the Night*, Sept. 1). He perfectly described the greatest play in the sport—the home run or bump—as it is performed by the greatest bumping team, Jerry's Caterers.

I'd like to toast my own horn by saying I batted .843 with an Edina, Minn. Classic League slo-pitch team representing Archie's Bunker, a Minneapolis bar. My teammates include ex-NHLer Bill Nyrop, Rick Chantrow of the Canadians, Ron Zanussi of the North Stars, pro wrestler Steve Ohnatoski, former National Leaguer Paul Siebert and Minnesota Gopher stars P.W. Ho, Huff and John Holme.

Our team has been to the state tournament four out of the last five years. Hats off to Jerry's, but Archie's can bump with the best.

SCOTT TREMBERTH
Edina, Minn.

Sir: Bill Colson's article unfortunately gives national attention to the worst aspects of "amateur" slo-pitch softball. He glosses over the obvious point, namely that there are two types

of softball teams in any community: those composed of friends who get together to compete, using whatever skills they have, and those that recruit all-stars, who have nothing in common with their teammates other than their .600 batting averages and their 40-inch waistlines. The former combine modest athletic ability and considerable camaraderie; the latter provide four home runs per inning (that's "action and drama") and friendships that fade when "bump" production slumps.

I'd take true amateur softball any day—no contracts, no free rents, no big-dollar sponsors. I wouldn't go across town to see a bunch of meats play, especially knowing they're getting money for it!

BON BON DURANT
Dixon, Calif.

Sir:

I fail to see the action or drama in watching a procession of 250-pound fuses lumber around the bases after clobbering a pinch any Little Leaguer could have hit. As to Bill Colson's contention that fast-pitch softball is practically extinct, the thousands of fast-pitch teams across the nation refute that remark. I played 112 games this year, and I know that as long as the better young athletes in our area continue to accept the more challenging game of fast-pitch, we won't become an endangered species.

PAT STOCK
Ebensburg, Pa.

Sir:

Fast-pitch is anything but extinct here in the Hudson Valley.

JAMES NICHOL
Hyde Park, N.Y.

SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sir:

Sure, Eric Heiden was great, the Olympic hockey team was exciting, and Bjorn Borg is the best in the business. But after reading about George Brett, I have no doubts. Whether he hits .420 or .300, he's got my nomination for Sportsman of the Year.

JERRY SCHROEDER
Arling, Wis.

Sir:

My definition of Sportsman of the Year would be very simple: the man who most influenced his sport over the past year. Accordingly, Billy Martin should be chosen. No one else has influenced the Oakland A's or baseball the way Martin has.

LARRY FRANKEL
Davis, Calif.

Sir:

Bill Vecek's impact on baseball during the past 30 years is legendary. It would be a fitting tribute to award him this honor.

STEVE KIMMEL
Evanston, Ill.

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